

# COUNTRY LIFE

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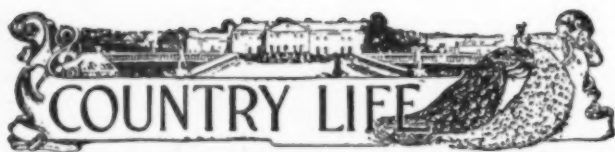
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SPEAIGHT.

VISCOUNTESS INGESTRE AND HER CHILDREN.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## THE HABITS OF THE HERON.

VERY seldom has a simple query brought forth so much natural-history information as the question addressed to us by a correspondent who signed himself "Piscator." Between fishermen and others there is always the material for an interesting argument with regard to the heron. On a few points all are agreed. It is a bird with an interesting history, since the days when "Lord and Lady gay" went forth with falcons on wrist to pursue it. Every true poet who loves Nature (and he is not a poet who fails to do so) admires the heronseugh, as he is still called in the North. There is not a pleasanter sight than to behold him, on wide, slow-beating wings, flying round the bend of a stream to change his fishing-ground. As far as this, all who have contributed to the discussion are at one. Even Mr. Burn

Murdoch, who is an artist fond of bird-life as well as a fisherman who calculates the price of the heron's food in terms of the currency, admits, by his clever sketches if not by word of mouth, that the beauty of the heron is worth more than preservation in a glass case. We imagine Lord Denbigh would do so too, despite natural antipathy to an enemy of fishermen. But Lord Denbigh's point is that you cannot have both except on the condition that you are content to stock a river in order to feed the herons.

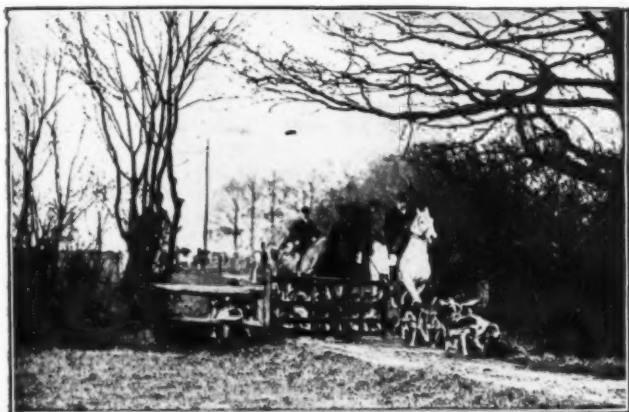
But will the indictment hold? It will be noticed that the positive attitude is assumed with scarcely an exception by those who are interested in fisheries—that is, places where trout and salmon are bred and reared for sale. The outdoor naturalist and angler is not so certain. A well-known Scottish naturalist, Mr. Harvie Brown, offers a description that we venture to think will appeal to the majority. No doubt the heron would eat plenty of trout if he could catch them. But often the report must be that he has fished all night and caught nothing. Lord Tennyson had evidently noticed that when he wrote the well-known passage: "The lone heron forgets his melancholy, lets down the other leg," etc. In those few lines he has embodied the general impression left by this sad and stately looking bird. Mr. Harvie Brown tells us that he has seen the heron stand, motionless, for an hour and twenty minutes and then strike in vain, while in the end he speared a little eel he had sought all along. Many a long spring day has the present writer watched the herons flying from a river to a heronry ten miles away. When they carried food, it was always (almost without exception) an eel that wriggled from the bird's long beak. Very likely he prefers trout, but can he catch them? The trout is as wary as it is active. Approaching them up-stream in clear water and bright sunshine is a difficult stalk. We have seen them dive into their hiding-places or rush to deep water, merely because the shadow of a swallow's wing darkened for a second a patch of the gravel over which the stream was rippling. As Mr. Gilbey says, they probably destroy a number of fish in the spawning season, but on an ordinary trout stream we can scarcely believe that they do much damage. Even Dr. Ward's brilliant experimental paper is not conclusive that the heron actually does a great deal of damage on trout streams. Mr. George Bolam, in his "Birds of Northumberland and the Scottish Borders," is worthy of attention because he writes from a district which is watered by many trout streams and also is well supplied with herons. He kept a tame one which swallowed sparrows tempted within its enclosure by a scattering of grain or crumbs. It took worms, leeches, newts, mice and rats, and could bolt a bird as large as a thrush. There are authenticated cases of a water-rail having been swallowed whole. Young coots were carried off by the herons at Duns Castle in 1887. A wild heron has been known as an accomplished rat-catcher. Mr. Bolam mentions a curious case as having come under his notice in 1897, when a heron swallowed a pike that when disgorged in a partially digested condition weighed 1½ lb. and was 17½ in. long. On another occasion he saw a heron disgorge an eel. But there is no mention of trout.

In hill streams after a flood or during a very dry summer many trout are no doubt eaten by the heron, but it is doubtful if he is much to blame. The fish are marooned in the pools and almost certain to become the prey of a marauder sooner or later. They are at the mercy of the otter who may prefer them to eat, but, like the heron, has often to be content with the less toothsome eel. Next to the heron and the otter, the inland-voyaging seagulls, others as well as ridibundus, beat these streams like a dog quartering for game. The schoolboy sauntering back from his lessons guddles or gumps those in the shallower and small pools wherein he can wade, and the adult poacher makes short work of those in the larger pools. Mr. Harvie Brown likens the heron's beak to the leister dear to those who "burn the water," and often to-day the "twa" or "three-taed" leister is brought from the loft where it was concealed to be used on the marooned trout. The fish, once imprisoned, has little chance of being again useful to the angler, and may as well fall to the heron as to any of his other foes.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration is of Viscountess Ingestre and her children. Lady Ingestre is a daughter of the late Lord Alexander Paget and is a sister of the Marquess of Anglesey; she married Lord Ingestre, the only son of the Earl of Shrewsbury, in 1904.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



## COUNTRY NOTES

IN presenting to our readers once again a Christmas Number which we believe they will not think inferior to any of those that have preceded it, we would like to give a word of thanks to the contributors and others who have so heartily collaborated to bring about the desired result. If they had not entered upon the work with hearty enthusiasm, our efforts would have been of no avail. In particular we wish to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, under the following circumstances: After deciding to make the cover a reproduction of Sir Joshua Reynolds' painting of Miss Noyer as "Hebe," we discovered that although engravings were plentiful, the picture itself was in the possession of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and we tender him our sincere thanks for his courtesy in giving our artist facilities to see and make a copy of the painting. We think that anyone who studies the cover will acknowledge that he did so to some purpose.

All who came into contact with Viscount Dillon in his position as Curator of the Armouries of the Tower of London know how ably he filled that position and how courteous and obliging he was. Whoever went for information to him received it with a free hand, and general regret will be felt at his retirement, which takes place at the end of the year. Lord Dillon has held the position of Curator of the Armouries of the Tower for over fifteen years, and it is worth noting that his ancestor, Sir Henry Lee, held the same office of Master of the Armouries and also those of Queen's Champion and Master of the Ordnance under Queen Elizabeth. His successor is Mr. Boulkes, with whom our readers have already made acquaintance as an occasional contributor to these columns. Mr. Boulkes has written many interesting works on armour, of which the latest and perhaps the most important is "The Armourer and His Craft." This is newly issued and is, in fact, in the hands of a reviewer at the present moment, and we hope to publish an article on it soon. Mr. Boulkes therefore comes with a reputation already made, and the assurance of a cordial welcome to his new office.

It would appear that "the modern Athens" has a good prospect of obtaining the zoological gardens on which some of her most enlightened citizens have set their minds. An excellent site has been found at Corstorphine Hill, a place that for many centuries has been a resort of the inhabitants of Auld Reekie. The estate selected seems to us an extremely suitable one. It has a moderately sized mansion house surrounded by grounds of twenty-seven acres, and in addition to this a golf course of forty-seven acres is available, making seventy-four acres in all. The grounds attached to the house are well furnished with growing trees and shrubberies, and the golf course is chiefly pasture land, broken up by a number of scattered trees and small coppices, and some outcropping of rock. The exposure is south-west, so that the climatic conditions will be suitable. This is a matter of very great importance to-day, when the theory of keeping wild animals is that they should have as much open air and freedom as is compatible with safety. The price of the Corstorphine estate has been fixed at £17,000, which cannot be considered out of the way, considering the position and character of the land. It is proposed that the purchase should be completed in February of next year, and we hope all those who are mindful of Edinburgh's enlightened

traditions and have associations with the old town will do their very best to forward the establishment of a zoological garden there.

Professor Metchnikoff's lecture at the Royal Society of Medicine last Friday was as hopeful as it was learned. In the days of our grandparents "going into a decline" was the commonest of illnesses in a family, and the rich suffered as much as, or even more than, the poor. How many of the fair ladies painted in the glory of youth and beauty by Sir Joshua and Gainsborough and Romney afterwards died of consumption! Professor Metchnikoff lays stress on the vast proportion of recoveries that take place to-day. He considers the evidence very strong that we have all had tuberculosis and been healed of it—the phagocytes have slain and eaten the intruding tubercle. Some day death from tubercle will become as rare as death from smallpox. It would appear that slight attacks confer some degree of immunity from those of a deadlier nature in phthisis, as in many other diseases. No doubt this is the correct explanation of facts that have become abundantly apparent. Diseases appear to have their day, and that of tuberculosis, if not over, is on the wane.

Some recent investigations in which Professor Metchnikoff has been engaged not only bear this out, but explain a phenomenon very frequently observed. The Kalmuk Tartars are an open-air race who, like so many rural populations, are under great temptation to forsake the wild for the city. But when they come to live in Russian towns, they, in spite of their splendid constitutions, are less able to withstand the attacks of tuberculosis than the urban inhabitants. Professor Metchnikoff applied Pirquet's test, and found that the town children had been tuberculised and the children of the wild had not. This is all strictly in accord with common experience, which is that healthy country people are often unable to live under conditions amid which townsmen thrive. The popular explanation is that they are not used to them, and this comes pretty much to the same thing as the great bacteriologist's precise and exact explanation.

### THE SECRET.

"Poetry can be inspired by Epsom Salts . . . this great thought is from to-day's 'British Medical Journal.'"—Daily paper, November 30th, 1912.

The Poet's secret now is mine!

A nut I've cracked and found the kernel  
Folded within the pages of

A Doctors' leading journal,  
No longer need the young aspirant sigh!  
The Muse, in penny packets, he can buy.

Why haunt sweet Nature's leafy paths  
Your quondam genius to solicit,  
When but one drachm of Epsom salts  
Atones for such deficit?  
Yours to produce the penny from your purse,  
The Chemist will retail the gift of verse!

Epic or sonnet, blank or rhyme,  
With ready wit you now are able  
To win your poems a place upon  
Some Editorial table!  
Short, if not sweet, the route to Laureate fame!  
Magnesii Sulphas. . . is its Latin name!

ELIZABETH KIRK.

Nothing could possibly have been more annoying to the livestock-breeders of this country than the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease near Ashford in Kent. The Board of Agriculture has been obliged to confirm the rumour and to take the usual steps for arresting the spread of the disease. The restrictions had not been removed for a complete week before the recurrence of the disease. Breeders of pedigree cattle, after a long period of restraint and self-sacrifice, had been looking forward at last to the reopening of their foreign trade, as it is well known that the demand for cattle from Great Britain has been growing tremendously keen during the last few months. Their hopes are, however, dashed to the ground, and it is now impossible to say when the ports will be opened to them again.

A goal scored upon St. Andrew's Day is an epoch-making event, and he who scores it is in a fair way to become immortal. Mr. H. J. Mordaunt made a hundred for Cambridge against Oxford, but his name will be remembered in College not on that account, but because he got a goal on St. Andrew's Day in the eighties. Since then but one goal has been scored in the great match—by Mr. Creasy in 1909—but Saturday's match came



within an ace of making another piece of history. The Collegers got a shy, and the ball, thrown straight and true, hit the narrow door which is the goal in Good Calx. The goal was actually given by the referee amid much enthusiastic shouting, when a claim was made by one of the other side that he had touched the ball before it struck the door, whereupon the previous decision was reversed and the goal disallowed. This appears rather an unsatisfactory proceeding, for if the umpire at a game is to judge not by the evidence of his own eyes, but by that of other people, it is a little difficult to justify his existence.

By beating the Oppidans by nine shies to nothing, the Collegers now stand one up over the whole series of historic matches played at Eton upon St. Andrew's Day. This is a record which is a cause of legitimate pride, since the Collegers choose their eleven out of seventy, the Oppidans out of something over nine hundred. But it is also to be remembered that this bewildering and intricate Wall Game is, above all things, the Colleger's game. He plays it throughout his whole school life, whereas the Oppidan, if he plays it at all, comes to it only in his last year or two; so that if the Oppidans have the best of it in weight and strength, all the science is, as a rule, with the Collegers. And the Wall Game, for all that it has the appearance of a rough-and-tumble fight, is really an exceedingly scientific form of fight, and the true understanding of the formation of a bully in calx comes only with years of experience and much rough buffeting from the old red wall. It is in those mysterious regions called Good and Bad Calx that the scoring is done, and it was in their knowledge of calx play that the Collegers showed their superiority on Saturday. The Oppidans have not now won a match since the end of last century, and even the most enthusiastic Colleger will soon be glad to see them win again. A monotonous series of defeats must impair their keenness, and it would be a thousand pities if a famous battle should degenerate into a merely picturesque survival.

Even those who take but a mild interest in lawn tennis must have read with a genuine thrill of the victory of the English team in the match for the Davis Cup in Australia. It must have needed great enthusiasm for the team to make so long a journey on a quest which was generally regarded as a very forlorn hope, even after this summer's win over M. Gobert and the other brilliant young French players. Its successful issue must be all the sweeter. The hero of the match was clearly Mr. Parke, the Irish player who paved the way for his side's ultimate victory by beating the great Mr. Norman Brookes, who is generally regarded as the finest player in the world. All the team, however, fought nobly, and Mr. Dixon, the captain, who had a great hand in its success by winning his single against Mr. Heath, is much to be congratulated. Moreover, English lawn tennis players in general are to be congratulated because, of all the games in which certain desponding critics have told us that England is hopelessly effete, lawn tennis is one of the most prominent. It is cheering to find sometimes that we are not quite so black as we are painted.

The Public Trustee has proved to be a most valuable institution, but the late Mr. Waterhouse of Manchester has laid on him a heavy responsibility. By his will he directs that his sons shall not have access to the residue of his fortune till they have satisfied the Public Trustee that they have made good use of that which is left to them direct. No doubt Mr. Stewart, the official in question, who has already proved himself gifted with tact and good sense, will find a way to discharge even this delicate duty in a satisfactory manner. There are many simple tests to apply. Anyone who buys more than he can pay for and has to go into debt when he has enough to live on is indiscreet within the Public Trustee's meaning. A man who buys race-horses or other luxuries when his business needs more capital would also come into the category of wrong ones. In a general way the rule of the dead hand is to be avoided, but something can be said in favour of devolution upon a public official's broad shoulders.

It makes quite a pleasant change to read the recently published account of the Kent County Cricket Club, which shows, in spite of some untoward circumstances, a balance of profit on the year. Most of the county cricket clubs have been obliged to show balances on the other, and less agreeable, side, and Kent is among the very few exceptions in working, or playing, to any financial advantage during the really rather disastrous cricket season of 1912. It was as bad a season as well could be, but we should be flattering ourselves with a pleasant illusion if we were to suppose that the financial losses of the clubs were due only to the causes incidental to a wet summer. The tendency of decreasing "gates" and diminishing income is one with which the county cricket clubs in general

have been faced for a good many years now, and it would be no better than a denial of the evidence afforded by obvious facts to maintain that "all's right with the world" of county cricket. The only true remedy for this state of things is that which is the salvation of Kent—a genuine keenness for cricket throughout the county. But that is just the remedy which most of the counties fail to find ready to their hand. The case is a hard one.

One of the winter sports which, as we may presume, will be rather "off" for a while is that of woodcock-shooting in Albania. It is a species of wild sport which has attracted many a man who owns a yacht and likes shooting in conditions a little more wild than they are to be found at an English covert-side. With good luck the bag of woodcock used to be very large, and there was a fair variety of possible quarry, with the chance of being made, in the hunter's turn, quarry for the native brigands, to add to the excitement. But with the Adriatic Coast the very storm centre of Europe, for the moment, it is hardly likely that the yachtsman will choose its ports for a quiet anchorage, nor that he will seek for quite such vivid excitement as an expedition into the interior might offer. A country which perhaps deserves more attention than it receives from the Briton who is fond of shooting in more natural conditions than he can find at home is that Wild Spain which is so well described by Mr. Abel Chapman in the book which bears that title. The bags of wildfowl are very large and varied, there are many partridges, and even deer and bear may find a place in it.

#### THE PRINCESS AND THE PIPER.

"Play to me, piper," the Princess said,  
 "For beauty mocks me, and youth has sped,  
 And life goes by me with heavy tread:  
 Play me the song of the happy dead."  
 The piper nodded his hoary head,  
 And he played of laughter and birds that sing,  
 Of hope that wakes with the waking spring,  
 Of joy, and the rose's blossoming;—  
 "Friend," said the Princess when all was done,  
 "This is the song of love, not death";  
 "Nay," said the piper, and drew a breath,  
 "'Tis the song of both, since the twain are one."

ANGELA GORDON.

Horse-owners may well pick up a useful lesson from the evidence given at an inquest held last week. It was the case of the death of a driver of a cart whose horse, taking fright at a passing motor, first backed and then attempted to wheel round with a heavy load of corn. It came out in the evidence that the horse was a young one, which had been foaled and brought up on a farm approached only by a lane, and three good miles from the highway. The accident occurred on its first journey, and probably the animal never had seen a motor in its life before. Very properly the coroner animadverted on the carelessness of the owner. Horses in a general way have now become so used to motors that it is seldom one is seen even to shy; but the owners should not forget that many young animals are grazed, and even roughly broken, at remote farms, and are terrified at a first sight of a motor.

It is about this season of the year that we begin to turn, not too cheerfully, to thoughts of the new licences which it will be incumbent on us to take out for the New Year, and the question is often asked, and is variously answered according to the ignorance of the answerer, as to the local advantage, if any, that is to be gained by taking out the licences locally—that is to say, generally speaking, in our own parish. One man will tell us that the money goes to defray local expenses, and therefore to reduce our rates, if we take out the licence locally; another, that it makes no matter. The truth is that such money as is paid for game, gun, male servant and dog licences does go towards reduction of rates in the county in which the licences are taken out; but this is not the case with money paid for motor licences, which goes into the Road Development Fund. This Fund guarantees to each county an annual sum calculated on its motor licences in 1909, which was taken, for the sake of convenience, as the standard year, and if a county in 1913, say, receives money for motor licences in excess of this fixed rate, the excess goes to the Fund; if its receipts do not come up to the standard, the Fund makes up the deficiency. Thus it makes no local difference in what county motor licences are taken out, but we are helping to save our rates when we take out the others locally.

At the festival of the Royal Scottish Corporation on Saturday, Mr. A. J. Balfour made one of his very best speeches, and the best part of it was that in which he discoursed on the relationship that ought to exist between self-governing



Colonies and the Empire. He spoke in the spirit of the "Stand Clear" article we published a fortnight ago. The Mother Country stands clear while Canada, Australia, South Africa and the rest of the self-governing Colonies work out the great experiments of freedom and self-government, each on the lines

which it thinks best. As a Scot is an enthusiastic Scot, so a Canadian may be an enthusiastic Canadian, an Australian an enthusiastic Australian, a South African an enthusiastic South African, and yet all of them be not less but more Imperialist on that account.

## THE HERON AND THE FISHERY.

[Readers who have followed the heron and trout controversy as it has been set forth by Lord Glenconner and the editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, Lord Denbigh, and now by Mr. Harvie Brown and Mr. Tom Speedy, will be glad to welcome this most illuminating contribution to the argument by Dr. Francis Ward. It should be read in conjunction with the letters in last week's issue and that of November 16.—ED.]

THE man who has never thrown a fly over a rising trout, gaffed a salmon or stocked a stream would probably say, "Wicked shame to shoot so graceful a bird." On the other hand, many individuals interested in fish are prepared to destroy the heron whenever they get a chance. Before expressing an opinion as to the amount of good or evil this bird does on a salmon river or trout stream, I propose to describe from personal observation some points in the life-history of the heron, particularly with reference to his feeding habits. In the centre of a large wood on the banks of the Orwell is a heronry, and during the breeding season over fifty nests are occupied. The old birds appear above this wood in April, and for several days wheel round and round the tall tree tops before they commence to repair the nets used on

previous occasions. Early in May each nest contains three, and sometimes four, eggs. While the birds are sitting comparative peace reigns at the heronry, but as soon as the young birds hatch the wood resounds night and day with the guttural notes of the old birds and the cry for food of the young ones as the parents return to the nests from the fishing grounds. At first the youngsters are fed very frequently, and from a tree top I have seen parents return with food eleven times in two hours; on this particular occasion, however, the fishing ground was less than a mile distant. When older the birds are usually fed in the early morning and in the evening.

Heron are most voracious feeders, and in addition to taking all kinds of fish they will devour rats and water voles, shrews, toads, frogs, newts, shellfish, shrimps and young birds. The



Dr. Francis Ward.

THREE MONTHS OLD HERON FISHING.

Copyright.

On this occasion he remained in the expectant attitude shown for about three minutes; the fish then evidently swam away and nothing further happened.



Dr. Francis Ward.

A PATIENT FISHERMAN.

Copyright.

On another occasion the same bird remained motionless for half-an-hour as in the top illustration. He then moved into the second position, and from that into the third. In last position he remained absolutely still until the fish was right under him. Then there was a flash and a fish was seized and swallowed.





Dr. Francis Ward.

A TWO YEAR OLD BIRD.  
*With neck outstretched, prepared to strike a fish.*

Copyright.



Dr. Francis Ward.

DISTURBED.  
*But, being disturbed, he left the water and hid in the adjacent undergrowth.*

Copyright.

young are fed mainly on fish. The heronry under consideration is situated about a mile from the mud flats of the Orwell, and so the young birds in this situation are fed principally on

eels, a young heron three weeks old often being given an eel over half a pound in weight. At first the parents regurgitate the food right down into the young one's pouch; later they bring up the fish, say, an eel, and introduce the head into the gullet of the young bird and then push the fish down inch by inch. Before the young herons fly the food is dropped on to the nest from above, and the youngsters pick it up for themselves. In the Leicester Museum is a splendid case showing a heron's nest, and the old bird is seen pushing an eel of over a pound in weight down the young bird; the eel in this case was the actual fish with which the young bird was being fed when alive.

The digestive powers of the human subject are occasionally estimated by giving the patient a test meal, which after an hour or two is recovered; this method of medical examination is not altogether pleasant to the patient. With the heron experiments on his digestive powers can be carried out with much greater facility, for when suddenly disturbed or alarmed he invariably throws up the entire contents of the pouch and stomach. Mr. Taylor of Whalley told me a most remarkable instance of how

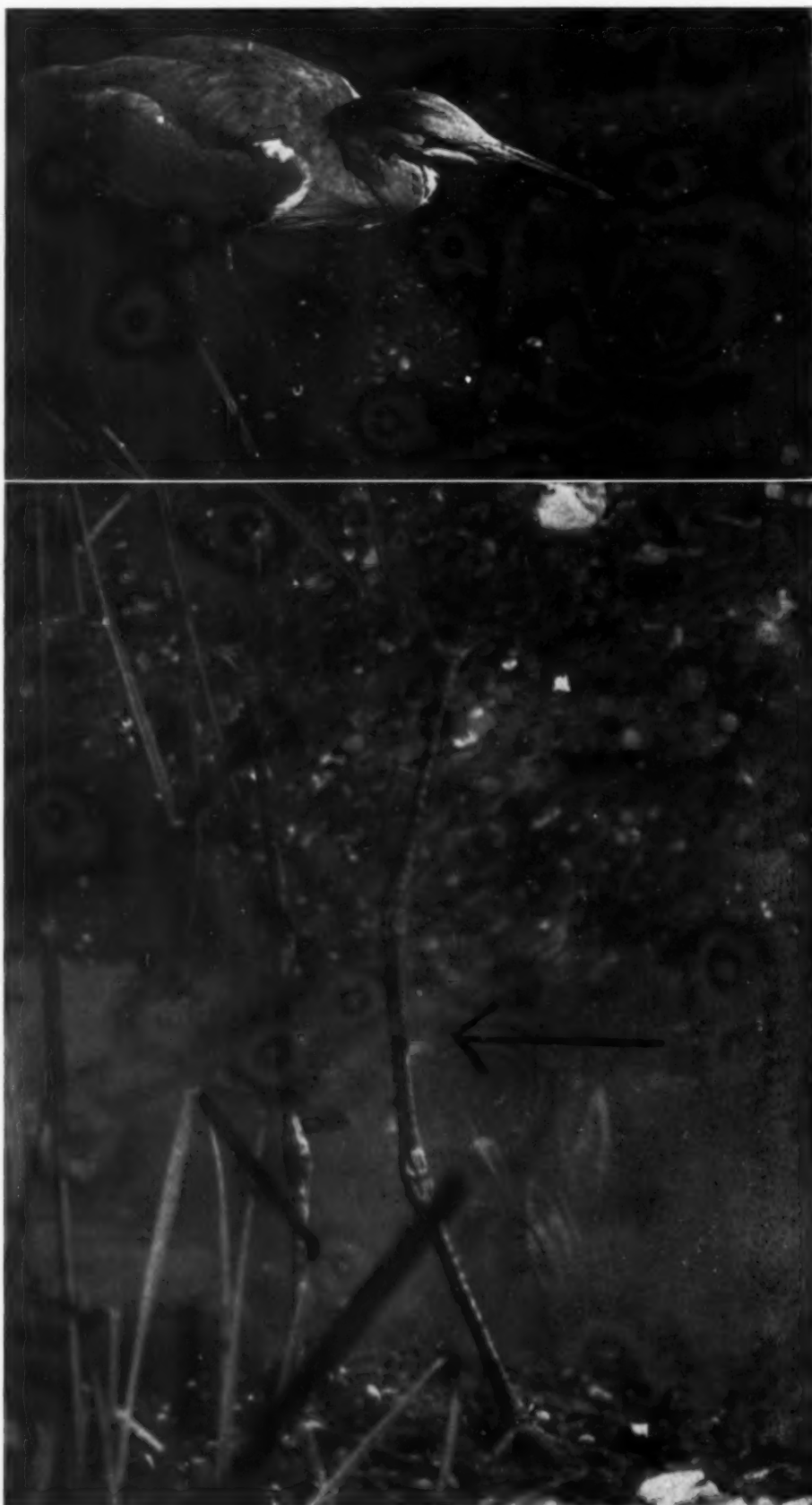
he saw a magpie take advantage of this fact. This bird when flying over a heron's nest would suddenly drop on to the back of a young one; the heron ejected the fish he was digesting, which

the magpie quickly caught before it reached the bottom, and thus obtained a meal without hunting for it. Magpies do not usually treat herons in this manner, but no doubt this particular magpie found out the heron's habit by accident and, being a sagacious bird, continued to make use of the knowledge gained.

After several experiments on birds in the nest and on herons in captivity, I have found that a heron a month old digests fish at the rate of about one ounce per hour. The young heron in the nest is never without food inside him, therefore we can safely say that a heron a month old digests at least one and a-half pounds of fish per day. The young birds require less, and the older birds considerably more, so I have taken a pound and a-half as a fair average of the food required daily by the young bird during its sojourn at the heronry.

The heronry under consideration has fifty nests; allowing the old birds three pounds of food a day, five hundred pounds would be required daily to feed this community. As the birds occupy the heronry from April to August and second broods are reared in most of the nests, I have worked out that over forty-five tons of food are required during a nesting season. The main food brought to this heronry is eels from the mud flats of the Orwell and Stour, but where trout and salmon parr is the food that is most accessible to the heronry, a similar

destruction is worked among these fish. During my enquiries as to the destruction of the salmonidæ, I have been told of extraordinary quantities of trout and parr found in herons that

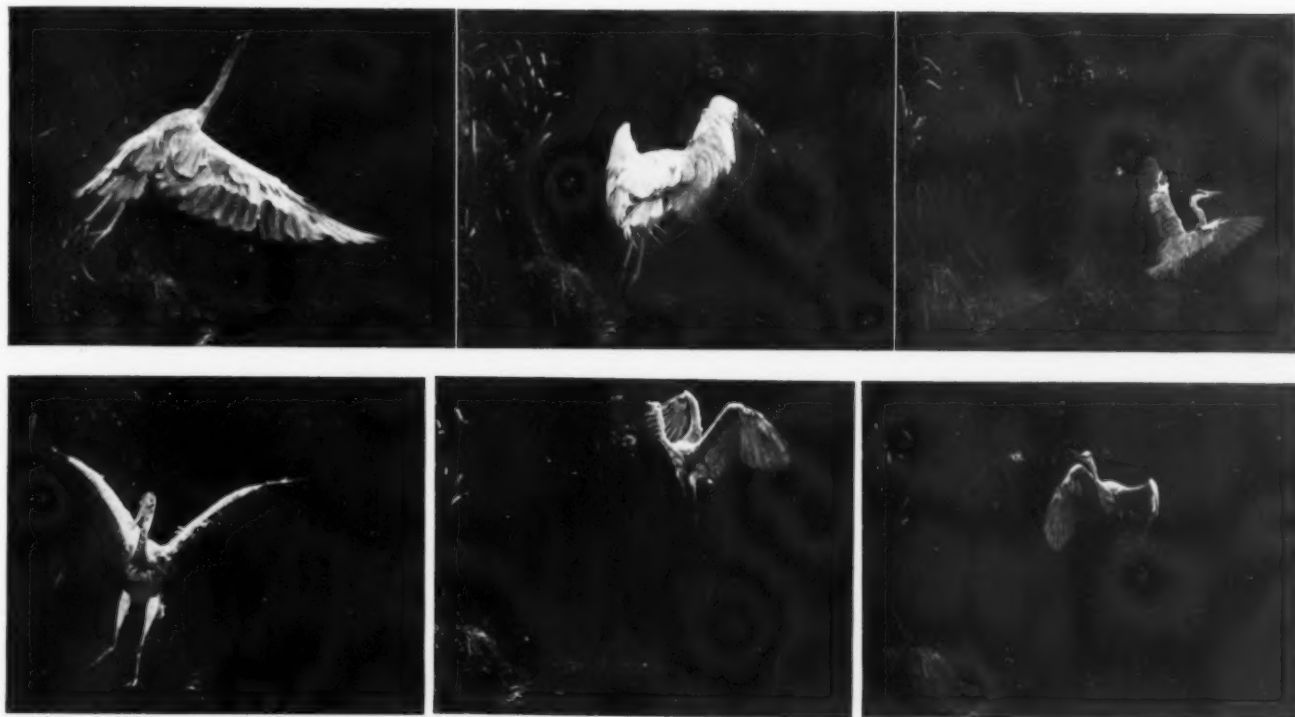


Dr. Francis Ward. A HERON AS SEEN ABOVE AND BELOW THE WATER. Copyright.

The top illustration shows the heron as seen above the water. The bottom illustration shows the same bird, in the same position, but seen from below the surface of the water. This is how he would appear to a fish when the fish was about six inches under the water and twelve inches distant from the bird. The arrow marks the point where the heron's legs cut the surface of the water, and the upper half of the illustration is merely reflection.

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Dr. Francis Ward.

## THE FLIGHT OF A HERON.

Copyright.

*Across the stream and back again.*

have been shot, and of monster fishes in their pouches, but will only quote a few instances which can be substantiated.

Some years ago, with two friends, I stocked a stream in Suffolk with trout; this stream was about ten miles from the heronry. When the Orwell mud flats were covered at high tide some of the birds flew over to this water, and one that was

shot while fishing contained seven trout over six inches in length in his pouch. Eels and roach were also present in this water, but only trout were found in the heron's pouch.

Mr. Richmond of the Surrey Trout Farm, Haslemere, saw over fifty fry and twenty-five yearlings taken from a heron. One of the Duke of Bedford's keepers at Endsleigh killed a



Dr. Francis Ward.

## AFTER THE FLIGHT.

Copyright.

*The heron slowly extends his feathers and has a good shake after each flight.*

heron with thirteen trout in his pouch, about eight to the pound. A keeper of an angling association on the Ribble recovered a trout from a heron which weighed seventeen ounces. Herons further kill big fish when the trout are on the reeds, and I have had a fish brought to me over two pounds in weight with the unmistakable hole made by the bill of a heron.

As a boy, some friends and I, during one summer holiday, caught several hundred trout in a mountain stream and put them in a shallow pond. Very soon we noticed a heron used to come down to this pond every evening. We thought it was probably after the trout, but never realised how this bird was taking out the fish as fast as we put them in, for when the pond was emptied soon after only three brown trout remained. Many a struggling angling society is being treated in a similar manner. But how is it that the heron can catch the active trout in this wholesale manner? Because the trout, cruising round and

as he turned to escape, the long bill would descend upon him like a lightning flash. The heron certainly is not the fisherman's friend. The law protects the heron from the beginning of March to the end of August, and often sentiment for the rest of the year. And small wonder, for the heron is an interesting bird, and on more than one occasion when the water was low I have watched him catching his fish when I could not do it myself. This stately bird will stand motionless in the water, then he will slowly extend his neck and remain in an attitude of rigid attention; suddenly there is a flash, and he seldom or never misses his prey.

The crack of a twig or the rustle of dead leaves as you attempt to approach him is sufficient to disturb this wary bird, and he leaves the water either to hide in the adjacent undergrowth or slowly flap away. Many a time when night fishing the weird appearance of this bird in the failing light has reminded me of Sir Walter Scott's lines in "The Lady of the Lake":

As the lone Heron spreads his wing  
By twilight o'er a haunted Spring.

FRANCIS WARD.

### THE NEW LAND QUESTION.

ON November 29th the Chancellor of the Exchequer delivered himself at Aberdeen of a strong expression of opinion on the land question. His language was by no means happy. He referred to the vast number of emigrants as "fleeing from their native land as if it were stricken with pestilence." This could only be intended to "split the ears of the groundlings"; it was a most inaccurate description of the canny Scot when he is shifting from the bleak hillsides of, say, Argyllshire, for one of the prairie provinces. His picture of the Highlands, "whole districts of it lying waste, turned over to deer and to grouse," was ludicrous, and the statement that these districts were once "thronged with people" is the utterance of one who knows very little about what he is talking. It would be a good thing if Mr. Lloyd George were to be compelled to earn his livelihood by cultivating grouse moors and deer forests.

If we object to language of this kind, it does not mean any disapproval of the doctrine that everything should be done to develop the resources of the soil. Only you must choose your soil. Were all the sportsmen to forsake Scotland to-morrow and leave their land to whomsoever cared to take it, no effect would be produced on the emigration returns. On the heather-clad slopes over which grouse are driven, reclamation is impossible except at an outlay that the community could not afford and far less the individual. The crofters had their way a few years ago, but has it stopped them from leaving "the lonely shieling of the misty island"? Not at all. They might have remained there for ever if they had been content with the scanty fare and ceaseless toil of their forefathers. It is the allurements of a wider outlook that appeals to them. Probably the Chancellor understands that as well as anyone, and he is merely generating electricity to drive his electoral machinery.

No subject is more urgently in need of careful examination than these two co-ordinate questions in Scotland—the increased emigration and the land problem. About the former the point of enquiry should be, what number of people go from the towns as well as the rural districts? For the great feature in the last Census was the arrest of growth in the great centres of population. Then, again, those who really have had access to the land in Scotland—the little freeholders of the islands and the crofters of the Western mainland—have also left. There is little reason to suppose that these men could not make a livelihood at least equal to that of their forefathers; but investigation will probably show that they are not content to live in the same manner. At any rate, complaints are continually being made that the Scot is losing some of those frugal, economic habits that constituted his strength in days gone by. There are many who still remember the labourer who lived almost exclusively on oatmeal. He took his porridge in the morning, and very often for dinner he had nothing but oatmeal cakes and cheese. Indeed, we have heard an exceptionally strong labourer declare that there was nothing supported him better for getting through his work. Nowadays young men will not be contented with any such fare. They want both superior food and superior dress, and this, as much as anything, probably accounts for the discontent that leads them to better themselves in another country.

It is very easy to generalise from small data, but the practice of doing so is dangerous. We have to remember, too, that the Scottish emigration returns are swollen by men who come from the ranks of industry. In Dundee, for example, a great many of the workers in jute are said to have left owing to the falling away of that business. But at present all this is more or less speculation, and it would be well to avoid the statement of any strong opinion until the data are before the public. It would be extremely interesting also to know the extent of the real difficulty in obtaining land in Scotland on the part of those who want it. We are very sure that the labourers are the very last to wish for themselves the task of making mountain and moorland blossom as the rose, for the simple reason that common-sense tells them how vast the capital would have to be. It is possible to turn the bare rock into fertile fields, but it would have to be blasted and ground to powder first.



Dr. Francis Ward. WALKING DOWN A STREAM. Copyright.  
The heron as seen from below the water.

round, comes straight up to the heron and does not appreciate his danger until he is within striking distance of the cruel bill.

A glance at the two illustrations, entitled "A Heron as Seen Above and Below the Water" will make this point clear. In the top illustration the bird is seen wading in search of fish; beneath him are a large stone and some weeds. This bird seen from below the water appeared as in the bottom illustration. In the lower half of this photograph are seen the same stone, the shingle, reeds and the two legs of the heron; in the top half we have reflection of the same on the surface of the water, as seen from below. The point of the arrow marks where the heron's legs cut the surface of the water. This complete reflection is only present when the surface of the water is dead calm.

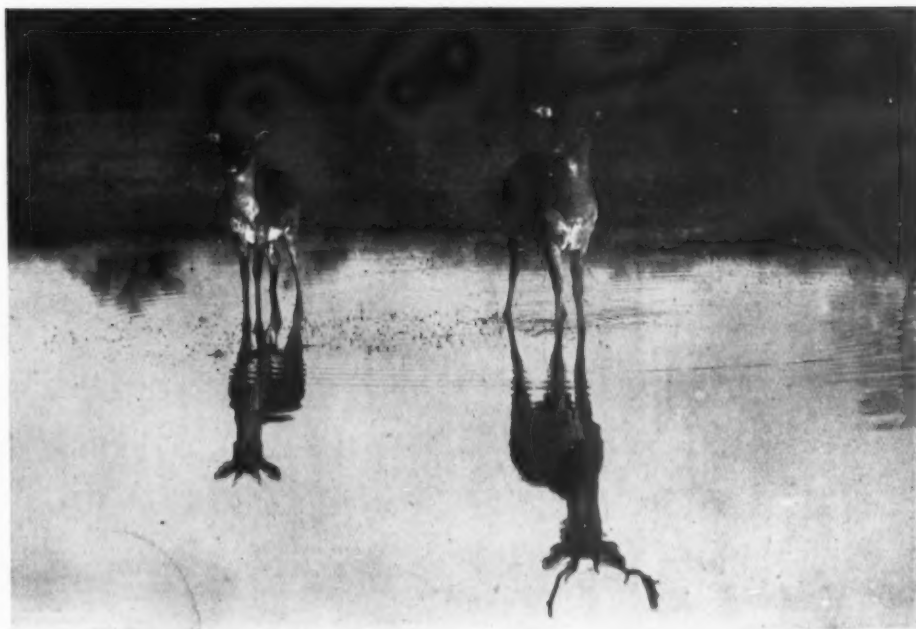
The present article is not a dissertation on subaqueous optics, and therefore I will content myself with saying that the heron appears to a fish as shown until the fish is practically under the bird; if the fish were then to look up he would certainly see the blurred image of the heron above him, but,



## FALLOW DEER.

**A**LTHOUGH an apparition of the gigantic and palmated horns of the extinct megaceros will never again make a stalker catch his breath as they appear over the sky-line, his degenerate modern representative is better known to the general public than any other variety of the cervidæ. His dappled form lends an attraction to many parks, and within sight of London itself nursery-maids and their charges follow his movements with a chorus of pleased panegyrics. Originally found over a greater part of Europe, the typical wild fallow deer is now confined to the South Coast of Asia Minor. Into many countries these deer have been introduced, our own variety having been transported by the Romans, of a type similar to those found in a wild state in the New Forest at the present day.

In summer they are light red with white spots. They change this summer coat in October for a dark brown, their legs and under parts remaining dun colour. Several other varieties are often seen; one is melanic, another red with no spots at all, and in some private parks albinos flourish, notably at Welbeck. Mr. Millais considers



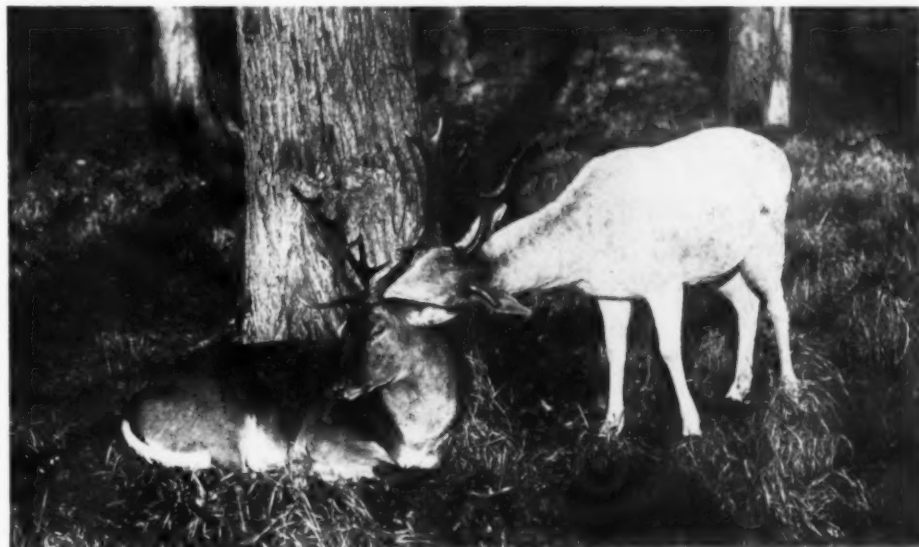
FALLOW BUCKS.

that the finest fallow deer in England come from Petworth, Lord Leconfield's park in Sussex; and in Scotland from

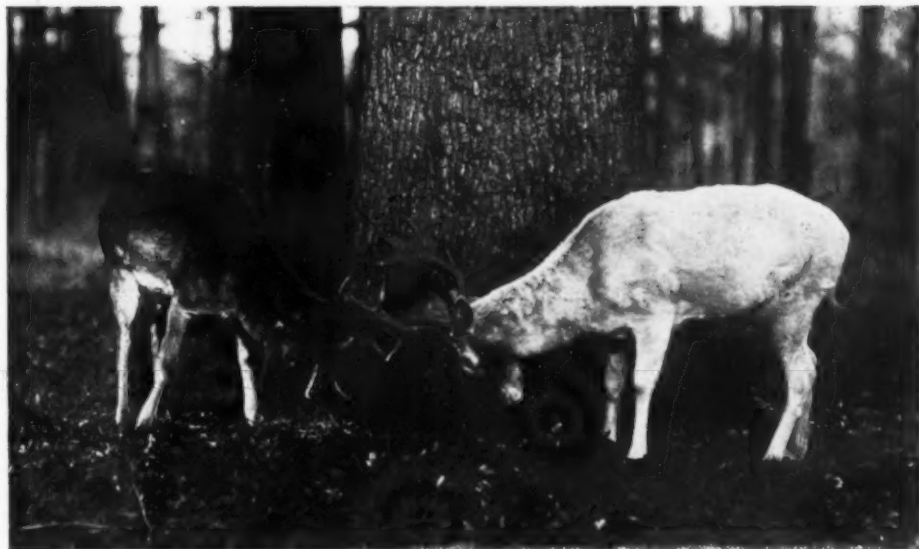
Drummond Castle, where they exist in a partially wild state, and reach very heavy weights. Between eighty and ninety years ago fallow deer were introduced into the Dunkeld district, where they have become very wild, keeping in small parties and avoiding the open as they do in their really wild state. In Epping Forest Mr. J. E. Harting states that "they do not associate in one herd (as is usually the case in parks), but roam about in small parties, keeping to the thickest underwood and most unfrequented part of the forest." A good buck stands about thirty-six inches at the shoulder, and should weigh nine stones.

When they know they are being hunted, fallow deer become exceedingly difficult to stalk, and no one whose sole experience lay in watching them dozing and playing amid the trees of an English park could believe that the wild animal was a similar beast. Their eyesight is superior even to that of the roe, and their scent about equal to that of a red deer. Though they have not the same splendid, free-moving action which makes the latter animal look as though he were set on springs, fallow deer potter along at a good pace, and a wounded buck is a difficult animal to come up with.

On October 1st, or thereabouts, the necks of the bucks begin to swell, and three weeks later they start roaring. It is not an awe-inspiring sound like the red deer's, but half bark, half grunt. It always has to me a suggestion of the noise made by blowing through a split reed. The roar of a red deer is quite a different matter. A certain gentleman, who had done all his shooting in India, went for a short visit to New Zealand intent on a royal. He was stalking in the Wairarapa, where there is a lot of thick bush, and walking along a ridge, which



A YOUNG BUCK LICKING AN ELDER ONE.



A DEADLOCK.

he had attained with great difficulty, heard a stag roar far below. He stopped dead, turned to his companion and exclaimed in an awe-struck voice, "What's that?" "A stag roaring," was the reply received. "Good heavens!" said the Indian

possibility of any very serious blow, and it is extremely rare for a buck to inflict a mortal wound. Just as a really first-class roe head is a rarity, which may not come in the way of a stalker during a lifetime, so, to an even greater extent, is the



A PHASE OF THE BATTLE.



FIGHTING BUCKS.



BUCKS IN ANOTHER CONTEST.

sportsman, mopping his brow, "I thought it was a tiger!" Fallow deer fight a good deal, and make a lot of fuss, but seldom charge in the determined manner of which their larger relatives are capable. The shape of their horns precludes the

really well-formed, perfect head of a fallow buck. Though they have spread over a good deal of country, having been imported into several Highland forests of late years, it is rarely that these wild bucks attain their full development. The horns





ACROSS THE STREAM.

are complete in the sixth year, and decline sets in after about three years, though, of course, food and individuality count for much.

In New Zealand red deer have done extraordinarily well, and their horns attain dimensions which are seldom, if ever, seen in Scotland. Fallow deer have also been imported, and though some of the heads which I saw in 1907 were good, none was equal to the best Scotch and English heads. They are to be found in large numbers on the Blue Mountains, near

Tapanui, in Otago, and on the Maungakawa Range. As illustrating the difficulties attending their importation in the seventies, the progenitors of the latter herd had to be taken a two days' voyage in a small paddle steamer up the swift and flooded Waikato River to the head of navigation, then loaded on sledges and carted a thousand feet up a steep and slippery mountain range. One old Maori chief got it into his head that they were anthropophagous, and had been introduced by the white men for the express purpose of devouring the remnant



A WATER JUMP.

of the Maori people! There is also an old-established herd in the Nelson province, but the heads are very poor. The best head from Auckland of which I have measurements was twenty-nine and a-half inches in length, twenty inches between tips, four inches beam and four and a-quarter inches in breadth of palm. They run wild in certain places in Tasmania and Australia, where they have been introduced by settlers. I enjoyed one good day after them at Currandooley, and was fortunate enough to kill two. These were both of the dark-spotted variety.

Like all deer, they meet with curious accidents at times. In 1909 photographs appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* of a buck at Woburn which had apparently dislocated its neck, its horns being hooked backwards over a hurdle. In the same year, in the Grönwald, near Berlin, a buck wedged its horns on either side of a tree, and in this unfortunate position perished. All deer are splendid jumpers when put to it; even a great heavy brute like a bull wapiti can clear fallen trunks with the greatest

of ease, and I have seen a Scottish red deer leap over a wire fence and a man's head at a single bound.

Mr. Millais, to whose classic work on deer I am indebted for much information, relates how he wounded a fallow buck in the buffalo park at Rohallion, and broke its fore leg. It was accompanied by another buck, and just when it seemed that, after a long hunt, the animals were cornered, the unwounded one made a jump, "scrambled right up the stone wall and squeezed himself under the wires at the top, being immediately followed by the second one, whom we considered quite incapable of performing such a feat." The wall was seven feet high, and when an animal with a broken fore leg can accomplish a jump of this description, it becomes apparent that his leaping powers are of no mean order. When the horns are soft, the bucks, like red deer, often rise on their hind legs and strike at each other with their fore feet, which is well shown in the accompanying photographs. The does will also use their fore legs in a similar manner.

FRANK WALLACE.

## POACHING TO-DAY.

A TYPICAL case of poaching that was reported in the newspapers of last week goes far to show that the collier's method of breaking the Game Laws remains to-day much what it was last century. The story in essentials has occurred again and again. Two miners of Risca, who are under remand at the present moment, are charged with shooting at a gamekeeper at Croesheolydd Farm on Lord Tredegar's estate. The circumstances were those described in the old poaching song which begins: "It's my delight On a sniny night At this season of the year." When the moon is due between ten o'clock and midnight, the gamekeeper knows that it is up to him to be vigilant. In this instance the keeper and three watchers were waiting for the nocturnal visitors. According to the evidence, when the latter appeared one cried, "Here are the keepers. Let's into them," and fired point blank at Fisher, who said that he ducked his head or he would have been killed. A scuffle followed, during which one man escaped and a ferocious dog was shot. Whatever may be the defence set up, the case, as it stands, is typical of what often occurs on manors lying adjacent to the coal-mines. Men who work in pits have always been fond of sport. When they come up from the galleries in which they have been working, the vast majority take to amusements which are legitimate enough, and during the last quarter of a century there is no class which has made more progress in civilisation than the miners. One remembers a time when the occurrence described in *Punch* was an everyday one: "'Ere's a stranger, let's 'eave a brick at 'im.'" The pitmen, especially about Christmas-time, used to be addicted to all sorts of rowdiness. They fought with one another, and with the inhabitants of adjacent villages. They pitted dog against dog; they fought cocks in defiance of the Act of Parliament; they drew badgers at corners where they could escape observation. Then came a period when more civilised amusements began to be popular. Perhaps rabbit-coursing would not be so classed by many of our readers, for it was a wicked piece of cruelty to take a half-dazed rabbit out of a bag and course it on strange ground. The rabbit under such circumstances is at a great disadvantage, and has no chance. In his natural state he pursues his own little tracks across the meadow, or, if he ventures out of his domain, returns by use of his delicate sense of scent, which enables him to follow his own footsteps; but when turned out of a bag he often required a kick to make him go at all, and at the best made a poor show against the dogs of various sorts pitted against him and one another. Then whippet-racing, which was certainly a great advance on older amusements, came into vogue. Here the trial was purely one of speed, and it was interesting work to train the dogs to exert themselves at the proper moment. The same can be said of pigeon-flying, the popularity of which has extended very much of recent years. The only objection to these amusements is that they led to more betting than the men could afford. But although these were the recreations of the bulk, there was always a section who liked nothing better than to raid a pheasant covert at night. Their method may be described as that of the frontal attack. Sometimes it was conducted at random and sometimes roughly planned. One of the gang would note the favourite roosting-places, and the others arranged to make their raid on a fine moonlight night. The pheasant is a bird of considerable boldness and little caution. Nothing can prevent him from straying about in search of food, and when night comes he roosts in the first tree that comes handy. There, at this season of the year when there are no leaves to conceal him, he is a conspicuous object, and

the worst shot imaginable standing beneath the roosting-place can easily pot the sitting bird. It requires no small amount of courage on the part of the keeper to watch for and, if necessary, capture these marauders. They use gun and stick without scruple, and it is not unusual for them to be accompanied also by a vicious dog, whose attack, if it does nothing else, diverts the attention of their assailants.



METHOD OF DETECTING ALARM GUN WIRES AT NIGHT.

Fortunately, all game estates are not situated in the neighbourhood of coal-mines, and the village poacher, though by no means an admirable character, is of a less formidable description. Some of them in the old time were curious ne'er-do-wells, who were animated by a true, if misguided, love of sport. We remember one of these in the county of Gloucester, whose depredations were mostly conducted on the estate of a country

gentleman who has been an officer in the Army. As long as no weapons were used the punishment was a good drubbing at the hands of a lusty keeper. Many times in the course of a season he was brought up to the Hall with his snares and his game in his pockets. Time passed on, however, and his midnight forays came to an end. One day he met the owner of the estate, and asked him for help on the ground that he was so bad with the rheumatics that he could no longer lie out. The humour of the request procured him the longed-for half-crown. Where there are free villages adjoining coverts this type of man has by no means died out. The writer has had some experience of one during the present season. Unfortunately, there is no redeeming element of humour about this one. He was a few weeks ago sentenced to his twenty-sixth term of imprisonment, and the writer actually witnessed the misdeed that earned him the repose he is at present enjoying. On a certain estate, when the owner and a party of friends were having the last of the partridge-drives of the season and the pheasants had as yet been undisturbed, this man was seen on a field path that goes almost in front of the keeper's cottage. No doubt he knew that worthy to be away supervising the partridge-drive on another portion of the estate. He came slinking across the field, which was a stubble, his short gun concealed under his coat. A brood of pheasants were feeding on the stubble under the wayside trees of a lane into which the field path came out. The poacher, who did not dream that several pairs of eyes were watching his proceedings, gave a stealthy look round, drew the loaded gun from his pocket, and at one discharge shot two birds that were feeding close together. In a second the smoking gun was returned to its place of concealment, the birds were picked up and thrust into his pocket and the man resumed his slouching walk; but he had not calculated on the cleverness of the keeper's children, and found himself confronted by that worthy before he had proceeded many yards. It is worth observing that this man did not at all resemble the poacher of popular fancy. He was decently if not exactly well dressed; he wore a felt hat, a black coat and white collar. Anyone meeting him would probably have set down his status as that of a poor, struggling tradesman. At any rate, that would have



THE KEEPERS.



A RABBIT POACHER.





THE LURCHER.



ROOSTING.

been the conclusion of the writer had it not been disclosed in evidence that he was one of the boldest and most notorious poachers in the district. He lives in a cottage that is his own property. Like a great many others of the village poor, he or his people have found money to buy this shack, and the only effect of the ownership is to keep him tied to the village. If it had not been that he had always this place to go to, his neighbours are of opinion that long ago he would have found work for himself in some other part of the country. These circumstances, taken with the utmost fidelity from the actual life at the present moment, are well worth the consideration of those who are struggling to advance the social condition of our villages. They might well furnish a text for an essay on the moral results of the ownership of a cottage by one who will probably be an applicant for an old age pension at no distant date.

The moonlight night acts as an inducement to bring out another type of poacher. This is the man who keeps ferrets. Now there is no law against a man keeping ferrets. On the contrary, it is universally believed by country people that the surest way of getting rid of rats is by ferreting them. Poison does not always act. In fact, after a time rats seem to become immune to certain modern poisons of the virus kind. Again, there are various dangers connected with the employment of poison. But a good ferret is a capital workman. He will penetrate any hole in which it is possible for a rat to hide and, if the latter does not vacate its position, he is always game enough to kill it; whereas should the animal bolt, it is pretty certain to fall a prey to the sharp little terrier which accompanies the rat-killer. Some, of course, confine their ferrets to this legitimate use; but even they, if their work takes them into the fields where infested cornricks stand, may by accident or design bolt a rabbit or two, and it would be asking too much of human nature to expect the labourer who had once got the rabbit to let it go.

Then there is always one here and there who delights in the solitary pastime of ferreting rabbits by moonlight. Probably he knows every burrow within range of his cottage, and we have often heard such men say that the rabbit will bolt much more freely on a fine moonlight night than it will at any other time of the day. It is very difficult for the cleverest keeper to stop this kind of thing. The man apparently carries nothing to arouse suspicion. He puts his ferret into one capacious pocket and his nets into another; he goes about his work as silently as the owl that on downy wing sails about looking for a mouse; and the rabbit makes no noise. It bolts into the net, and he has a knack of putting its neck out of joint before it has had time to squeal. His operations are mostly conducted in concealment in the middle of a copse, or any other situation where he is sheltered from observation. Sometimes attempts are made to lay traps for him in the shape of lines that will ring a bell, fire a fuse, or give some other signal to the keeper; but these preventive methods are not very effective. It would be practically impossible to lay down such lines all over the estate. The man knows the ground as well as the keeper, and where he suspects that there are lines he feels his way with his stick in the manner depicted by Mr. Armour in one of these illustrations. Such a man trusts entirely to his cunning and not at all to violence. Should he be caught, the worst that can happen is a match at fisticuffs between him and the keeper. Long ago we remember a man who grew old in such tricks. Unfortunately for him, the keeper who was responsible for the ground was a younger man. They are said to have had great fights when they were equal in strength, but as the poacher grew older he found it hopeless to make any resistance, and the time came when the keeper, instead of putting up his fists, simply cut a hazel rod out of the hedge and used that, a proceeding to which the patriarchal moucher submitted with the utmost resignation.

There is a poacher whom the keeper dislikes more than any of these. That is the owner of a lurcher. The name is applied to various crosses of dogs, but among the fraternity it is practically confined to a cross between a greyhound and a terrier—the one to give speed and the other staunchness. Until recently the most commonly met owner of a dog of this

kind was the gipsy, and, not to put too fine a point upon the definition of that word, let it include travelling tinkers, itinerant sellers of baskets and other ware. When the caravan or other vehicle approached the village with this dog tied to the axle-tree the alarm went round quickly, for the gangrel folk, as they are called in the North, romantic as they may appear in the eyes of the folk-lorist and the novelist, were regarded by the rural inhabitants as licensed thieves and vagabonds. Whatever came in their way was annexed, from the washing of the cottager hanging up on the hedge to dry to the chickens of the farmer's wife; and the lurcher was a most valuable confederate. It is trained in every way that tended to efficiency and concealment. It was mute; if it does not run mute, the owner promptly knocks it on the head and tries another, for he could not have attention directed to him by the clamour of a dog on the scent. It was taught to run from its master at a signal, so that responsibility for it could be disclaimed. At this season of the year the workground of the lurcher is between the turnip drills, because these afford almost the only available cover for rabbits and hares. The well-trained lurcher will work the drills with a carefulness and assiduity unsurpassed at the gun-dog trials, up one and down another till the game is roused. It is a strong dog that can jump a five-barred gate or spring into a cart with a rabbit or even an eight-pound hare in its mouth. We speak of it partly in the past tense and partly in the present. It used to be a very common follower of the vagrom people,

but to them a great deal of pressure has lately been applied, and knowing that they are allowed to travel the roads on suffrance only, they are much more careful now than used to be the case. But in the free villages, to which we have already referred, the lurcher is as common to-day as ever he was, and he is as great a foe to game. It is not only that he picks up an occasional rabbit, but in the course of his hunting he disturbs and chases everything in the fields. We have known one that had been trained to carry a light round its neck. It was used largely in partridge-netting, a form of poaching of which not nearly so much is heard now, and it was at once a mystery and a terror to the keepers as it quartered the ground and drove the partridges into the net. Its doing so was greatly facilitated in the South of England, because bat-fowling is still practised there regularly, while it is practically obsolete in the Northern part of the kingdom. Wherever the bat-fowlers have been, it will be noticed that birds, whether they jug in the open field like the partridges or roost like the pheasants are very easily alarmed by the appearance of a small light. The usual plan is to hunt the fields and covers just as darkness is setting in. At that time the animal is indistinguishable, because great care is taken to choose only those that have negative colours. Thus the dusky shape can move about on its tell errand, and even when the keeper's suspicions are aroused, it is most difficult for him to fix the responsibility on the owner of the dog.

## THE RACING SEASON OF 1912.

THE cosmopolitan nature of racing in England becomes apparent when, going carefully through the events of the season which came to an end last week at Manchester, we note the numerous races won by horses bred in France and America. We find, indeed, that French-bred horses, among them Long Set—winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Newbury Cup—have between them won just nine-and-thirty races, of which the aggregate value is well over 17,000 sovs. American horses have done even better—there were more of them—for they must be credited with the winning of 119 races, representing value to the extent of 39,840 sovs. French-bred horses running in this country are, it is needless to say, clean-bred, tracing back through both sire and dam to the earliest known sources from which the British thorough-bred derives. A good many of the American-bred horses are of equally pure descent—such, for instance, as Tracery, by Rock Sand out of Topiary—winner of the St. Leger and St. James' Palace Stakes—and Adam Bede, by Adam (by Flying Fox) out of Grace Gumberts. Others there are, however, of these American-bred horses who are either doubtfully or admittedly impurely bred, and the admission of these doubtfully bred animals to the pages of the English Stud Book is strongly to be deprecated, the more so that similarly affected horses bred in England, Ireland and the Colonies are rigidly—and rightly—excluded.

Turning to the three year olds of the past season, little, I think, can be said in their favour, nor, unless Tracery comes to the rescue—as he may well do—does it seem likely that any one of them will develop into a good four year old. It is, by the way, a curious and, I am inclined to think, an unique state of affairs, that of the winners of the five classic races of the year, only one was sired by a stallion now serving in England—that one

being Mirska, the Oaks winner, got by St. Frusquin out of Musa (herself a winner of the Oaks), by Martagon. Sweeper II., winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, is a "doubtfully" bred American colt, by Broomstick out of Ravello (a clean-bred English mare). Tagalie, winner of the One Thousand Guineas and the Derby, is a daughter of the expatriated Cyllene and Tagale (a French-bred mare), and Tracery was bred in America, his sire Rock Sand, who within the last few weeks has been brought back, not to England as I had hoped, but to France. Another curious feature in connection with this year's classic winners is that, with the possible exception of Tracery, their brief day is over. Sweeper II., at best but a fairly useful miler, is never likely to distinguish himself in future, and Tagalie and Mirska have both bid farewell to the Turf. So the tale of the classic winners of 1912 is told.

Of the four year olds, Prince Palatine and Stedfast have been the best. Of the two, the former is probably the better stayer; he is decidedly the better bred, and, as far as can be judged by his own merits as a race-horse and the strains of blood inherited from ancestors illustrious in the annals of the Turf, a distinguished career as a sire awaits him. He is by Persimmon 7 out of Lady Light-

foot (1), by Isinglass 3 out of Glare, by Ayrshire 8 out of Footlight, by Cremorne 2. Last year Prince Palatine won the St. Leger Stakes with the greatest of ease. This year he has to his credit victories gained in the Ascot Gold Cup—two miles and a-half; the Eclipse Stakes—a mile and a-quarter; the Doncaster Cup—two miles and a furlong; and the Jockey Club Stakes—a mile and three-quarters: a brilliant record, but one in the making of which luck has been on his side, for it was only by a short head—a head which might well have gone the other way—that he beat Stedfast in the Eclipse Stakes; and luck was again in his favour when he found Stedfast—interrupted



W. A. Rouch.

CRAGANOUR.

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in his training by an accident—unable to take due advantage of a 13lb. pull in the weights in the race for the Jockey Club Stakes. To Prince Palatine's miserable exhibition in the Jockey Club Cup no attention need be paid; he was not fit to race—that is all there is to be said about it—and it was a pity that he should have been allowed to run. In fairness to Stedfast it should not be forgotten that in the Coronation Cup—a mile and a-half—at Epsom he met Prince Palatine at even weights and beat him by three-parts of a length.

The running of the two year olds is, perhaps, the most interesting of the problems which present themselves, for although as a general principle the better-class two year old form does reassert itself in the following season, there are, not infrequently, exceptions to the rule. At the end of last season, for instance, it seemed to be merely a matter of health for Lomond to take a very prominent position among the three year olds of this year—but—ill-health came and Lomond's career was ruined. Again, how many people would have ventured to prophesy that White Star's career as a three year old would be summed up in the winning of one plate of 100 sovs.; but that is all that the brother to Sunstar has accomplished. As for the two year olds of this season, I am inclined to think that, as a whole, they are of better class than those of last year, and, further, that one of them—Craganour—is a colt of exceptional merit. Bought by W. Robinson, acting on behalf of Mr. C. Bower Ismay, at the sale of the Sledmere yearlings, for 3,200 guineas, Craganour, by Desmond out of Veneration II., was, in fact, bred by Major Eustace Loder at the Eyrefield Lodge Stud. As far as we can judge from his performances as a two year old, Craganour stands out by himself head and shoulders above all rivals, with the possible exception of Rock Flint. Shogun, next to him in point of merit, he has met and beaten three times—curiously enough, by three lengths on each occasion: in the New Stakes at Ascot, the Doncaster Champagne Stakes and the Middle Park Plate; so that as regards Mr. E. Hulton's colt—Shogun—there seems to be no doubt as to the superiority of Craganour. In the Molecomb Stakes at Goodwood—six furlongs—Rock Flint did beat Craganour by a head—a short head at that. They met again in the Middle Park Plate, when Rock Flint was unplaced, but Mr. Beddington's colt was not himself that day; and while quite admitting that he would not, under any circumstances, have beaten Craganour, I am far from thinking that he showed anything like his true form on that occasion. I am also well aware that opinions differ sharply in regard to his running with Craganour in the Molecomb Stakes—but he did win. It so happened that I watched that race with special care, and what impressed me more than anything was not that Rock Flint should have won, but that for the first five furlongs he was going quite as fast as Craganour, and that in the last furlong—where I had thought he might have the best of it—Craganour was running on quite as stoutly as he was. To the best of my belief, the explanation of the race is to be found in the fact that Craganour was never properly balanced, and was only really beginning to find his legs, as the saying goes, when the race was nearly over. There is, too, another point—perhaps unknown to the general public—to be considered. It is this: that on the track over which the Molecomb Stakes is run, the gradients are almost exactly the opposite of those on the gallops where Craganour is trained; that is to say, that where Craganour had been accustomed to a falling gradient, he found a rising one and *vice versa*, a state of affairs which might make a good deal of difference. Still, while giving Rock Flint the credit of having been the only one of his contemporaries who can boast of having beaten Craganour, and fully recognising that he was not himself in the Middle Park Plate, I think that, both being fit and well, Craganour will beat him when and wherever they may meet in future. Craganour, at all events, goes into winter quarters with the credit attaching to a winner of the Coventry Stakes, the New Stakes, the Doncaster Champagne Stakes and the Middle Park Plate.



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SHOGUN.

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LOUVOIS.

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ROCK FLINT.

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Leaving the case of Rock Flint for further and later consideration, and taking this season's running as it stands, Mr. E. Hulton's colt, Shogun, may fairly claim to rank next to Craganour; but he is, unfortunately, not qualified for admission to the Stud Book, there being a taint—remote, but still a taint—in the pedigree of his dam, Kendal Belle. Here we are again confronted with the incomprehensible and completely illogical proposition that an animal bred in Ireland, England or the Colonies must prove a clean descent on both sides of the house—viz., through both sire and dam, from the earliest-known sources from which the British thorough-bred derives—or be refused admission to the Stud Book, while American-bred horses—some of them—no matter how doubtful or admittedly impure their pedigree may be, are welcomed and duly registered in the Stud Book. If it be right—and it certainly is so, on the supposition that the Stud Book is a register of none but thorough-bred horses—that doubtfully-bred animals of English, Irish or Colonial extraction should be rigidly excluded from the Stud Book, on what possible grounds can the admission of similarly affected American-bred horses be explained?

That is by the way. Returning to Shogun and his merits as a two year old, he was still suffering from sore shins when he made his first appearance in public, and with odds of 20 to 1 against him won the Hyde Park Plate, beating Martynia (11 to 8 on) and nine others. At his next attempt he won the Woodcote Stakes, beating Prue (receiving 8lb.), Laudes and five others. His next venture was at Ascot, where, on the first day of the meeting, he won the Coventry Stakes, with Sanquhar four lengths away for second place. Two days afterwards he met Fate in the shape of Craganour in the New Stakes, and was beaten by three lengths. Then he won the Fulbourne Stakes at Newmarket, with Diadumenos (receiving 12lb.) for runner-up. In the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood, Mr. J. B. Joel's Golden Sun made him gallop in earnest, but he was a neck to the good at the end of the race. In the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster he had another go at Craganour, but Mr. C. Bower Ismay's colt beat him, just as he had done at Ascot, by three lengths. Once more he tried to cope with Craganour, but with precisely the same result, for in the race for the Middle Park Plate the son of Desmond gave him another three lengths' beating, "and that," said Wootton, Shogun's trainer, "is quite sufficient for me." Taking the running in the Middle Park Plate as true—I see no reason to doubt it—Mr. W. Raphael's bay colt, Louvois, by Isinglass out of St. Louvaine, is inferior to Shogun by a matter of 6lb. or 7lb.; but although sent out in the very pink of condition by Dawson Waugh, it may be well to bear in mind that Louvois is a backward colt, as yet unfurnished, especially in his quarters, and that next year may find him capable of better things. He is, by the way, a singularly lazy colt, and is an own brother to Louviers, whose memorable race—he was only beaten by a short head—with Minoru for the Derby of 1909 will not readily be forgotten. On this year's running I can make but little difference between Louvois and Sanquhar, an upstanding and very racing-like colt, by Santry out of Valve, bred and owned by Lord Rosebery. There was, indeed, but a head between them at the finish of the race for the Dewhurst Plate—seven furlongs—but, like Louvois, Sanquhar is a colt in whom there is plenty of room for improvement, and, moreover, he seems to thrive on work. Mr. J. B. Joel's colt, Golden Sun, by Sundridge out of Golden Lassie, has more than once shown fine speed; he was giving 6lb. to Sanquhar when Lord Rosebery's colt beat him by half a length in the Clearwell Stakes, and at even weights he gave Shogun a rare gallop for the Lavant Stakes, a race which he only lost by a neck, the winner being "all out." Speed rather than stamina seems to be his strong point, from what we have seen of him this year, and taking his pedigree into consideration, in all



W. A. Rouch.

TAGALIE.

*The only grey filly that has ever won the Derby.*

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TRACERY—WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER

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MIRSKA—THE WINNER OF THE OAKS.

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probability it is as a sprinter that he will distinguish himself in the future. Such as Harmonicon, by Disguise out of Harpsichord; Day Comet, by St. Frusquin out of Catgut; Radiant, by Sundridge out of Doris; and Roseworthy, by William the Third out of Electric Rose, rank among the "useful" two year old colts, but unless they make exceptional improvement are never, I think, likely to rise to higher rank. It is difficult to speak with confidence concerning the fillies; we may, however, take it that on the two year old running, Waiontha, by Fowling Piece out of Photo—a beautifully bred mare by Springfield out of Helioscene, by Hampton—is about the best of her age and sex, but not much in front of Lord Rosebery's Prue by Cicero out of Prune. Amulet, by St. Amant out of Miss Lettice, is another useful filly, and so, I think, is Jest, own sister to Absurd, by Sundridge out of Absurdity. TRENTON.



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PRINCE PALATINE.

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## ON THE NEED OF COMPULSORY REGISTRATION.

MUCH is written nowadays on the subject of horse-breeding. We have, as a nation, awakened to the fact that our horse supply is insufficient in quantity and inefficient in quality. If war broke out, we should, at a very moderate calculation, want 60,000 horses at once. The wear and tear of a campaign would make it necessary to have at least as many more in reserve. The waste of horseflesh in a campaign depends on many causes; but mature, sound, well-shaped horses in hard condition will bear much fatigue and hardship, and one such horse will outlast three ill-balanced animals, grass-fed, and either too young or too old. A large proportion of our 60,000 horses would not be equal to the work required of them not only because they would not be of the right age (not under seven nor over twelve years), but because of the great amount of unsoundness existing among English horses. So far as it is possible to reach the facts, I am convinced that diseases of the respiratory organs, and such causes of trouble as splints, ringbones and side-bones, are on the increase. It is of little use to complain. What we have to do is to look for the causes.

What, then, is the remedy for this state of things? We certainly do not want to check, or even embarrass, our foreign customers and so spoil one of the chief of those markets on which our horse-breeding depends. This is where the Government, through the Board of Agriculture, could step in to our assistance. As a rule, when we speak of Government assistance, we mean a money grant; but that is not so important in this case. The Government is, in fact, giving a great deal of well-considered and carefully-distributed money in the shape of premiums and prizes to thorough-bred and native pony stallions, both in England and Ireland. What we want is a system of compulsory registration for stallions, so as to be sure that it shall be, as in Prussia, absolutely illegal to travel unsound or unsuitable horses. In that country there is no interference with private studs, but none but horses passed under Government inspection are allowed to stand (horses do not travel in Prussia) at the public horse-breeding centres. It is well known that the Government has some such

scheme in view for this country, and a number of delegates from the principal horse-breeding societies have been invited to meet at the Board of Agriculture in order to see if the societies can agree on a schedule of unsoundnesses which would disqualify

a stallion for the Government certificate, without which, as I understand the scheme, the horse would neither be allowed to travel nor to win prizes at shows. This would be the greatest step forward for the improvement of our national breeds of horses that has ever been taken. The elimination of unsound and unsuitable stallions is necessary to the success of any scheme. It is a bold attempt to go to the very root of the weak points of English horse-breeding, and its adoption would be followed by an immediate rise in the average quality of the horses of this

country, a diminution of cases of unsoundness of wind and diseases of the bone, and a better choice for Government buyers of useful horses, and of this matter we are not speaking without a practical example before us. In the *Bloodstock Breeders' Review* for July there is an admirable article on Horses and the Army, by Mr. Robert Bunson, in which the following passage, illustrative of our argument, appears: "They, that is the Prussian Government, select the very best country stallions, prohibit by law the use of unsound and unsuitable stallions, and help the farmers by placing at their disposal the Government's stallions at a nominal fee, amounting from four to thirty shillings per mare. It was not possible in Prussia to start the breeding of the army horse by selecting the mares. They had to be taken as they were, and they were bad enough."

The same will be the case in Ireland. One has there to begin with the existing mares. If, generation after generation, they are put to the right class of stallions, the general quality will improve so much in ten years that they will become priceless as a foundation for the breeding of hunters and Army remounts. As it is now, cripples of mares are mated with cripples of stallions. What can be the result? Every word of the above applies, though, as far as the mares are concerned, in a lesser degree, to England as to Prussia or Ireland, and the same principles might well form the basis of the action of the Board of Agriculture in this matter. There is, however, a consideration which meets us at this point. If the Board, or, rather, when the Board, meet the delegates of the horse societies, they may possibly find a difficulty in bringing the Shire Horse Society into line with the rest. It would be, indeed, a misfortune if a measure so urgently needed as the compulsory registration of stallions for soundness was blocked by the largest of our horse societies. The difficulty ought not to prove insuperable, but it is quite possible that the heavy horses may require a different treatment from the light ones; their circumstances are very different. The English cart-horse is essentially a distinct breed, and it is perhaps in any respect difficult to find a common denominator between the cart-horse used only for draught and the light horses used for fast work. Our light horse breeders require more protection from themselves than do the breeders of cart-horses. The English thorough-bred may have hereditary tendencies to roaring and bone diseases, and yet may win races. There is a temptation, too seldom resisted, to breed from speedy stallions and mares which have become roarers. No one who has really studied the matter can doubt that the elimination of such hereditary tendencies and of unsound



stallions from all breeds is a matter of urgent necessity. It might, of course, occur to anyone, that if, as is undoubtedly the case, our light horse breeding stock, whether thorough-bred, hunter, hackney or polo pony, is the best in the world, we had perhaps better leave well alone. But if there are any who argue thus, the coming of the automobile and the passing of the omnibus and

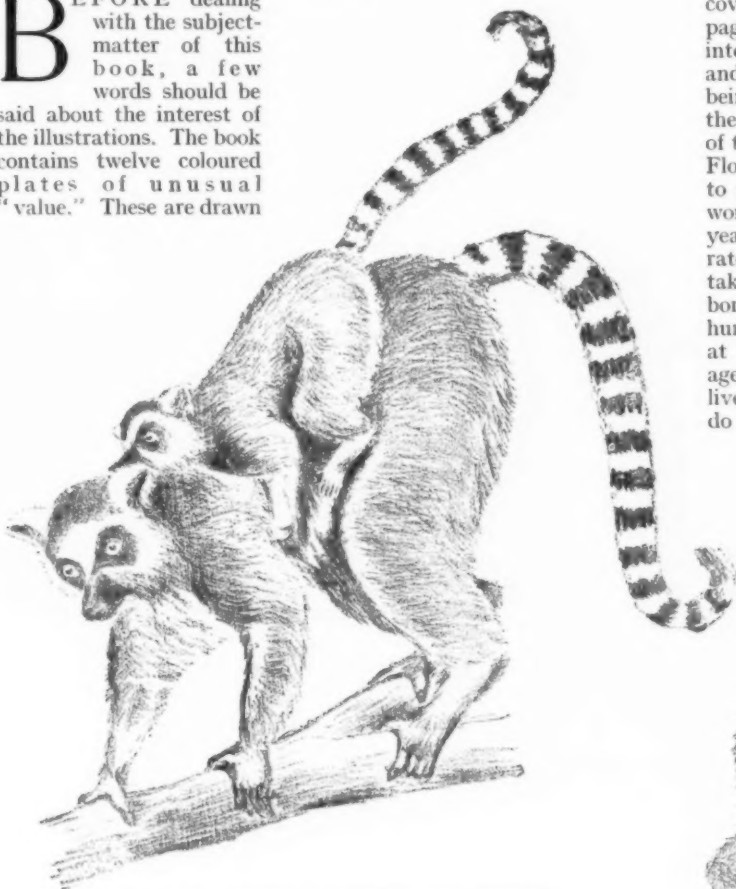
light van horses cut the ground away from under their feet. We have to deal with a different state of things from that which existed twenty years ago, and different and stronger measures are required. It is not too much to say that upon the adoption of some well-thought-out scheme, strongly administered, depends the future supremacy of English horse-breeding stock.

X.

## THE CHILDHOOD OF ANIMALS.

**The Childhood of Animals**, by P. Chalmers Mitchell, M.A., LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., with coloured plates by E. Yarrow Jones, M.A., and drawings by R. B. Brook-Greaves. (London: William Heinemann. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. MCMXII.)

**B**EFORE dealing with the subject-matter of this book, a few words should be said about the interest of the illustrations. The book contains twelve coloured plates of unusual "value." These are drawn



RING-TAILED LEMUR CARRYING ITS YOUNG.  
(After Pocock.)

and coloured by Mr. E. Yarrow Jones, on Japanese silk, and they combine in a most unusual way the decorative treatment of the animals depicted with an insight into individual and specific characters which, as the author says, "cannot be described by words and diagrams." Mr. Jones evidently has a feeling for what entomologists call the "facies" of an animal; yet perhaps it is the background and the surroundings in which the decorative part of each drawing comes most to the front. But however it be explained, there it is, and it is a matter of real interest, for once decorative art and systematic science seem to have met in an illustrator. In many ways little less remarkable are the numerous black-and-white sketches which are scattered through the text. It is usually thought that to reproduce black-and-white dot—or line—figures it is necessary to use that heavy and highly-glazed paper which is so common in books in the United States. But the paper of this book is light, and seems to be pure linen, and yet on it there are black-and-white illustrations showing very great wealth of detail. Many sketches have been reproduced from the pencil drawings of Mr. R. B. Brook-Greaves, and the surface of the paper, which is by no means smooth, shows up the details of these drawings with great distinctness. These are evidently drawn on paper with a very minute grain. How they are reproduced we do not know, but the result is certainly pleasing.

The text of the book is the outcome of the series of Christmas lectures delivered by Dr. Chalmers Mitchell at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in December and January of 1911-12.

adapted for a juvenile auditory. But the book is by no means a printed version of these lectures, which, indeed, were never written out. The author writes in a pleasing style, and he gives the reader an immense amount of information covering a very wide range of facts. Perhaps the least detailed pages are those devoted to the invertebrates. One of the most interesting chapters deals with the length of the period of youth, and the relation of the length of time which elapses between being born and being grown up to the total length of life. Into the consideration of this relationship many factors enter. One of them is evidently the size of the creature under consideration. Flourens used to maintain that the length of life was equivalent to five times the duration of the period of growth. This may work out roughly for man, but a horse becomes mature in four years, and yet many horses live to be well over forty. The rate of increase in bulk, again, tells us little. A gooseberry takes as long to become ripe as a gourd; and whereas newly-born mice quadruple their weights in twenty-four hours, a human baby takes more than half a year to double its weight at birth. The larger animals certainly, as a rule, attain great ages; but so, again, do many of the smaller ones. Elephants live to two hundred years, and so, according to Weismann, do the carp and the pike. The normal life of a pig is, say,



KOALA CARRYING ITS YOUNG.



OPOSSUM CARRYING ITS YOUNG.

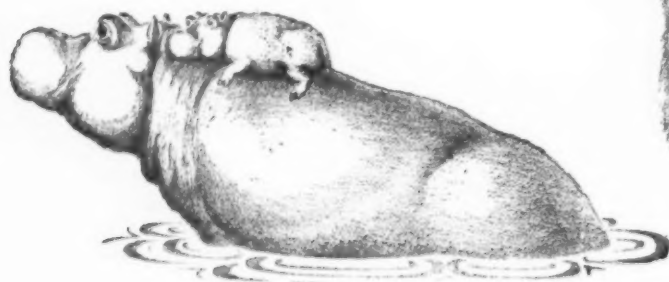


twenty years, and the same is true of a crayfish, yet the relative sizes vary immensely. Another feature which has been thought to enter into the question is the rate at which the animal lives, and the rapidity with which its vital processes act; but here, again, we are in a dilemma. The inertness of the amphibia and of many of the reptilia is accompanied with great length of life, but, on the other hand, many of the most active birds live longer. Parrots, eagles and falcons in captivity have been known to live well into their second century, and some authorities claim that swans have lived to be three hundred years old.

"That flowering stomach," the sea-anemone, a creature of a most sedentary and unemotional life, has been known to live for considerably more than half a century, whereas many active insects live but a day or even an hour, and still more barely live through the summer months, tiding over the winter in the form of eggs. There is no doubt, as Dr. Chalmers Mitchell points out, that in spite of the high rate at which they live and the high temperature of their bodies, "birds approach or surpass mammals in longevity. Passerine birds, which range in size from minute creatures which, stripped of their feathers, are no larger than the tiniest shrewmouse, to the large ravens, have a



TREE KANGAROO WITH YOUNG IN POUCH.



HIPPOPOTAMUS CARRYING ITS YOUNG.

potential longevity ranging from twenty to sixty years. Owls and parrots certainly can live for half a century, and eagles and vultures much longer. Pelicans, falcons and storks may live for from fifty to thirty years, ducks and geese much longer, pigeons and gulls for thirty, ostriches for fifty years. Compared with these figures the duration of youth is always short, and ranges from two to three or four years."

The author has a couple of chapters on the colour and pattern in animals, and he has brought out very well the interesting experiments of Mr. Thayer. Thayer has drawn attention to the fact that most animals are dark above, and become lighter as they approach the middle ventral line. Thayer's well-known model, which consists of two bird-shaped bodies spitted on a revolving rod which traverses a glass case lighted from above and in front, brings out the advantage of this arrangement. One of these bird-like bodies is painted with the same paint as the background; the other is painted dark above and lighter below than the background. Yet when standing a short distance off the self-painted model stands out as a solid block, whitish above where it is illuminated, darkish below where it is in shade. The other model is practically invisible until the rod be rotated, when the variegated body becomes at once visible, and indeed even more so than its self-painted companion. This change from dark above to light below is not wholly true of ptarmigans in their winter plumage, hares and other arctic forms, for with them the reflection from the snow illuminates their lower surface, and they are well lit from both above and below.

In no particular do animals vary to so great an extent as they do in the number of eggs and offspring they produce, and this is true of even closely allied forms. Under the most favourable circumstances a pair of elephants would not during their full

range of life bring into the world more than six offspring. The turbot, on the other hand, will produce sixteen million eggs in a single season. But for the interference of man there will probably be no perceptible increase or decrease in the number of turbot or the number of elephants for a considerable period of ages; hence the destruction of the eggs in the case of the turbot must be on a most colossal scale. If for a few years every young turbot hatched managed to survive and to grow up, the sea would be almost a solid mass of this fish.

Death falls heavily on all young animals. To begin with, they are "more tenderer," to quote Mr. Weller, sen., more edible, than the old ones. Their bones offer less resistance to the teeth of the carnivora, and they are a much easier prey to catch and kill. Young animals that can claim parental care are generally far less in number than those that are thrown into the world with no maternal help or aid at the start. This is curiously exemplified by a group of animals, the Echinoderma. The common sea-urchin, which is sold for food along the Mediterranean, is said to produce twenty million eggs. These are cast into the sea, fertilised if lucky, and the young embryos drift away into the vastness of the waters. But in the Antarctic the Challenger found a species of sea-urchin provided with shallow pouches on the outside of the shell of the female, and whose spines curved over these pouches, forming trestle-like lids. The eggs, few in number, were passed into the pouches, where they developed directly into young sea-urchins, and where they remained until they attained a considerable size. Again, the common sea-cucumber produces eggs in enormous quantities, and these develop as unprotected larvæ in the salt water, but in the Falkland Islands there is a sea-cucumber which produces but few eggs, and these hatch into a dozen or so minute sea-cucumbers, which are found clinging on to the upper surface of the female. They remain under her protection until they are full grown. Similar facts are true of certain starfish and brittle-stars, but we have no space to multiply examples.

In conclusion, we feel we can congratulate the author on a most interesting treatise, the printer on the legibility of the type and the lightness of the volume, and the publisher on the general "get up" of the book, and the public on its price, only ten shillings! A. E. SHIPLEY.

## EXPERTS ON TURKEY.

LAST week I travelled home by train, from our local town, on a market day. The compartment was crowded, and the sole topic of conversation was turkey. Not the wretched country now engaged in a bloody war, but the bird whose name one always associates with the season of Peace and Goodwill towards men. The other occupants of my carriage were evidently small farmers, who had been arranging with poulterers and salesmen to inspect their turkeys, now being fattened up for Christmas. The most important question was: "Did anyone know what turkeys would be worth this year?" No; nobody did, exactly. Everyone seemed to have endeavoured to extract this information from the particular man with whom he dealt. All had been sent away with evasive answers. Curiously, too, each man had been assured: "If you give me the first offer of your birds, you can rely on me giving you the top market price." A heated argument took place as to whether it paid best to sell turkeys alive or dead. One farmer, who it was plain to see was regarded as an authority, wisely remarked:

"I looks on it in this way. When your buds (birds) are alive, if you can't get what you wants for 'em—well, you've still got 'em! Now, if you kills 'em, and you then can't get what you think they're worth—why, they've got you! You can't keep a dead bud for long; he's got to be sold pretty soon, whatever he makes."

Another man chimed in: "What I does is this. I sells mine alive, for so much a pound when they're dead. Yes; and they always weigh less when they gets to the shop than they does at home," the Authority replied.

"That's true, and I never believes they waste as much on the journey as they makes out," the other man answered. This was carried unanimously.

"Another drawback about selling turkeys dead," the Authority continued, "is this. However careful you have 'em plucked, some is sure to have their skins torn a little. A nice piece of work them buyers make about it, too. Must have somethin' off, they must, for damage. That's where they plucks you. No; there's no better plan than havin' your man come to your yard and sayin' to him: 'There's the buds, forty or fifty of 'em or whatever there may be. If you has 'em, you has 'em jest as they run, big uns and little uns. You takes all risks, see 'em weighed alive, here, yourself, and you pays for 'em afore you goes away.' I have heard tell of folks a-boastin' of havin' made a shillun a pound of their turkeys, dead weight. My missus is always on to me to sell ours so. 'No,' I says to her, 'never no more.' I've tried both ways, and live weight for me. Yes, folks tell you they've sold at a shillun a pound, but they don't say what they had to give back."

By this time the Authority had worked himself into quite a passion, and evidently directed this final thrust at a harmless-looking individual at the opposite corner of the compartment. Everyone glared at this poor, meek little man. Doubtless he was guilty, as he shrank almost out of sight behind a big, stout person sitting next to him.

This latter had been waiting a chance to question the Authority. "You seems to know all about it, mister," he said. "How much a pound may you make of your turkeys alive, if it's not a rude question?"

"Well, it all depends," replied the Authority. "Cocks is worth more than hens, though, for my part, give me a good fat hen weighin' about thirteen or fourteen pound. Then, again, you are sure to have some crooked-breasted uns."

Here the guilty one dared to interrupt by saying, "Oh, even such a clever man as you gets crooked-breasted ones, then?"

"Yes, I does," the Authority retorted, "and I ain't fool enough to sell them sort dead, neither. I can pass crooked-breasted uns

off sometimes in their feathers, but not even a hammerin' of the breast-bone down passes 'em off when they're plucked, does it?" This last nasty hit, and the general laughter that ensued, effectually squashed the harmless individual, and the Authority went on: "As I was a-sayin', it all depends whether you has more cocks than hens, and if they has done well. Takin' one year with another, I'm pretty content if I makes tenpence a pound all round."

"What shall you make this year?" the Stout Man enquired.

"That all depends," said the Authority, "on whether there is many of them blessed Irish turkeys and foreigners on the market."

"I expect you'll ask a shillin a pound and take tenpence, and keep the best bud for yourself?" suggested the Stout Man.

"That's about it," answered the Oracle, "and you can bet I shan't keep the littlest one."

"What's the best thing to fill their crops with the mornin' they're weighed—maize?" asked the Stout Man.

"I don't say as how I does it, but there's nuthin' like old beans for that job," replied the turkey expert.

W.

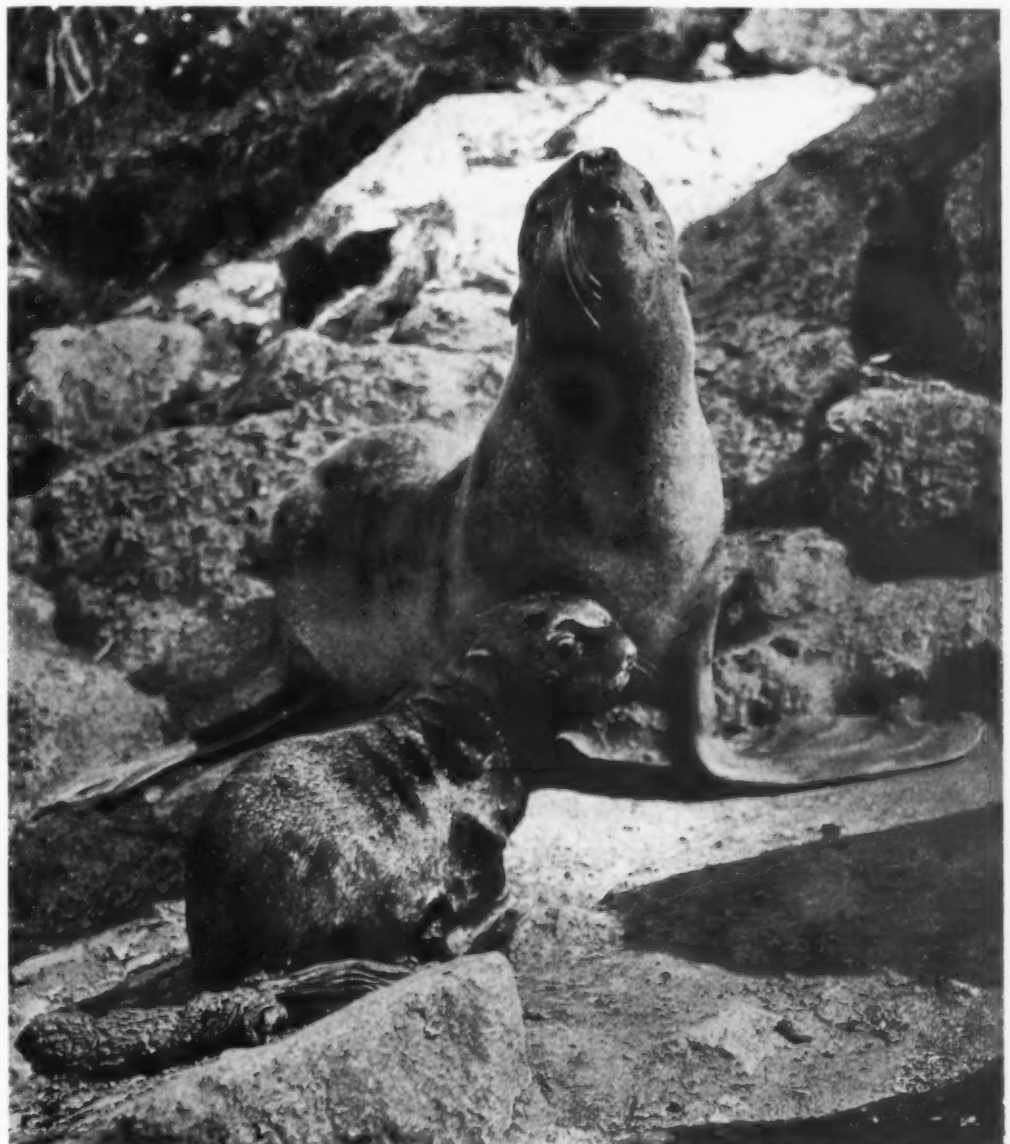
## FUR SEALS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC.—I.

UNDER the terms of a treaty concluded at Washington by the United States, Great Britain, Russia and Japan, the fur seals of the North Pacific Ocean are destined to obtain for the first time a form of protection that recent experience has shown to be absolutely essential for the conservation of the seal herds. The agreement between these four Great Powers prohibits for a period of fifteen years the indiscriminate slaughter of seals while at sea, and places the legitimate killing of surplus seals on land under the immediate control of the nations having sovereignty over the islands to which the seals resort for breeding purposes. The nations which may be said to hold a kind of property right in fur seal herds are the United States, Russia and Japan. The interests of Great Britain in this matter arise from the existence of an extensive fleet of sealing vessels that for many years had been operating from British Columbia ports off the coasts of America, Russia and Japan.

Although fur seals are found in both the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, the largest herds are those of the North Pacific, which represent three closely-related species distinguished by peculiarities in form, physiognomy and pelage, and known as the Alaskan, Russian and Japanese fur seals respectively. The herds roam widely on the high seas, and their water habitats approach one another if they do not overlap; but the different species do not associate, and always resort for breeding purposes to particular islands. It is this habit which gives certain nations a temporary jurisdiction and control over them, and has created several International complications.

The Japanese fur seal, which is the least abundant, never visits any land except Robben Reef and some tiny islands of the Kuril chain. The Russian fur seal, the next in abundance, never resorts to any shores except those of the Commander Islands, lying far off the East Coast of Kamtchatka. The Alaskan fur seal, far more numerous than the others, roams over a large part of the Eastern Pacific Ocean, as far south as Southern

California, and makes an annual pilgrimage to the Pribilof Islands in Bering Sea. These islands, which came to the United States in 1867, when Russia ceded jurisdiction over Alaska, and are the sole land resort of the Alaskan fur seal, have brought on the country much domestic and International turmoil. It is a cause for great satisfaction in the United States, as it must be also in the other countries involved, that wise statesmanship has prevailed over any untoward influences that may have prevented an earlier settlement of the fur seal question, and has resulted in this convention, which insures the rescue of the depleted fur seal herds of both America and Asia from commercial extinction, prohibits the citizens or subjects of the



COW AND NEW-BORN PUP.



contracting Powers from engaging in a wasteful, cruel occupation and removes a long-standing disturbance of International goodwill.

Throughout the fur-seal controversy Great Britain has been fortunate in having the assistance and advice of able experts. Between them and the American specialists there have been at times differences of opinion regarding the interpretation to be placed on the voluminous economic and biological data that were collected in joint and independent investigations; but these differences for the most part have now disappeared, and the responsible authorities are in accord regarding the main facts on which measures for the conservation of the fur seals must be based.



SLEEPY BACHELORS ON AN ISOLATED BEACH.

When the seal islands came into the custody of the United States, the seals resorting thereto constituted the most valuable aquatic resource that any Government ever possessed. Estimates as to the size of the Alaskan herd at that time differed rather widely, owing to the impossibility of taking anything like an accurate census. The extremes were two millions and seven millions, and it is probably very conservative to assume that the number was not less than three millions. At the end of the season of 1911, this mighty host had become reduced to one hundred and fifty thousand individuals of all ages. This appalling decline was not sudden or unexpected. It had been going on for many years, and was inevitable under the conditions that had prevailed prior to the present year. The United States Government has had full and continuous control over

the seal islands, and it has been compelled to submit to much unfriendly criticism at home because of the failure to maintain the seal herd. This criticism has been undeserved, for it is now well known and generally appreciated that the decline came through causes operating on the high seas and hence beyond the reach of the Government in the absence of an International agreement.

#### ORGANISATION OF THE SEAL HERD.

The seal herd, large or small, has a definite organisation and composition dependent on the peculiar habits of the species. Not the least interesting thing about the herd is the peculiar set of names applied to its elements in both popular and scientific discourse. The most accurate designation of the fur seals is

sea bears, as these creatures have strong anatomical relations with the bears and differ markedly from the hair or true seals. This fact was recognised by Steller in 1741 when he gave an account of the "sea bear" found on Bering Island, a designation later perpetuated by Linnaeus, when he bestowed the technical name of *ursina* on the Russian fur seal. But although the fur seals as a group may be sea bears, individually they have names which completely ignore their ursine affinities. The adult males are called bulls and the adult females cows. The newly born, however, are neither calves nor cubs, but pups, and the young males are officially known as bachelors. The particular places on the shores of the islands where the seals resort are always called rookeries; and the family unit is the harem, composed of a single bull and any number of cows up to fifty, or even more.

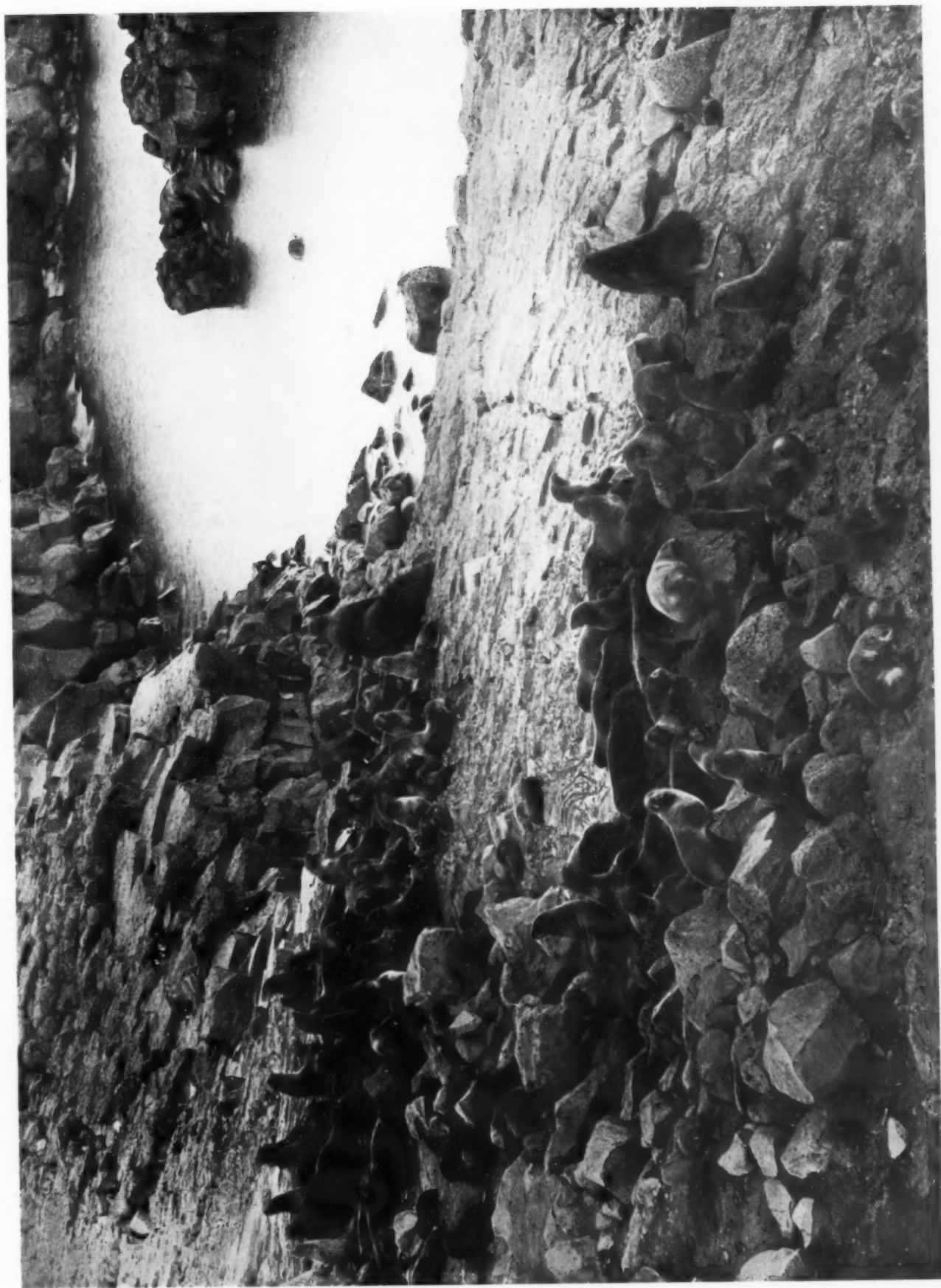
#### REMARKABLE VITALITY OF SEALS.

Although the seals are easily killed by the methods adopted by man for their destruction on sea and land, they are capable of withstanding great privation and of undergoing extraordinary muscular exertion.

To maintain themselves during winter in the tempestuous Pacific Ocean without resorting to land is in itself no small accomplishment for air-breathing, land-breeding animals. The females, leaving the islands in November, go further south than any other members of the herd, and in December appear off Southern California, where they remain until March. They then begin their long return journey, reaching the islands early in June. Within two or three days after their arrival on the

rookeries the cows give birth to their pups. Not until ten or twelve days have elapsed do they return to the water or take any food. Then, after washing and playing near the islands, they make their first long trip to the feeding-grounds, coming back to the rookeries after three or four days. Thereafter throughout the season the cows make regular feeding trips at intervals of from five to ten days. The seals subsist chiefly on squid, but also on herring, smelt, salmon, pollock and other kinds of fish, which are caught and eaten in the water. They have prodigious appetites, and gorge themselves whenever the opportunity comes. It is curious that they should have made their summer homes in the midst of a section of sea singularly deficient in fish-life. In early times the food requirements of the herd amounted to a number of millions of pounds of squid





TWO HAREMS, KITOIR ROOKERY, ST. PAUL ISLAND, BERING SEA.

and fish daily, and even at present the needs are enormous; but the nearest feeding-grounds lie one hundred miles away, and the most remote fully two hundred miles distant, on the submerged plateaus and islands, known as banks, situated on the north side of the Aleutian chain. The bachelor seals, having few responsibilities and cares, require less food than the mother seals, and make less frequent and less expeditious trips to the feeding-grounds. They pass much of their time sleeping on land or playing in the water near the shores. The old bulls, however, have the most extraordinary vitality. Arriving on the islands about May 1st, they remain constantly on land until the last of July or the early part of August without eating a single thing or even drinking, but living on the great amount of fat they have stored up while at sea. During all this time they maintain most vigilant watch over their harem, and are always ready to repel invaders, whether human or others, and to fight their rivals to a finish.

#### THE ROOKERIES.

Certain rocky beaches and rocky hillsides along the waterfront have from immemorial times been resorted to by the fur seals for breeding purposes. The favourite type of rookery ground has a moderate slope, with coarse rock and a beach



PART OF A RUSSIAN ROOKERY.

of shingle or wave-worn boulders. Here the adults crowd together in dense masses, and here the pups are brought forth. In early Russian days the rookeries received distinguishing names, which have continued to be used to the present time,



A BULL WITH TWENTY-TWO COWS.



PLAYING AND SLEEPING BY AN ALASKAN ROOKERY.



although their original significance may no longer be evident. All of the rookeries now occupy much less space than formerly, because of the depletion of the herd and the tendency of the remnants to maintain the same density of formation that was necessary in pristine times. The ratio between the size of the rookeries and the area of the rookery ground is a good criterion of the condition of the herd. The tremendous disparity in recent years graphically tells the pitiful tale of the seals and suggests the great possibilities of the present efforts to replenish the herd. In close proximity to the rookeries proper are the "hauling-grounds," where the young males up to five years of age congregate. These grounds are usually flat, sandy beaches or elevated plats in the rear of the rookeries. The strict discipline of the harems does not permit the intrusion of the young males, and summary ejection awaits the luckless bachelors which, on their way to and from the water, fail to keep on the outskirts of the harems or to observe the neutral runways that are maintained between the harems. The older males, up to seven years, do not ordinarily have harems, but lead a solitary existence on the water-front or on the outskirts of the harems. They have frequent fights with the harem masters and among themselves, and sometimes, awaiting a favourable opportunity, invade the harems and carry off the cows by main force. Cows may be badly mutilated and even killed by the struggles of rival bulls. The young females, arriving late in the season, do not generally resort to the hauling-grounds, but frequent the disorganised rookeries and spend much of the time playing with the pups. The full-grown male fur seal is 6ft. long, has a spread of nearly 6ft. between the tips of his outstretched fore flippers and weighs up to 450lb. The adult female has an average length of 4ft. and an average weight of 75lb. The pups weigh 11lb. at birth and 25lb. to 30lb. by the time they have become proficient in swimming, at the age of three months. At times, especially early in the season,

all the seals on land sleep the greater part of the time. A person may note a harem of which every member, even the vigilant master and the hungry pups, is sound asleep. The seals furthermore have the faculty of sleeping in the water, resting on the back with the long hind flippers held aloft or snugly folded along the body, and with the nose protruding from the surface. It is this habit of sleeping at sea which enables the hunter to approach close enough to hurl a spear or discharge a load of buckshot, and has resulted in pelagic sealing with all its attendant evils. While individual seals or entire harems may be asleep, the rookeries as a whole always present an animated scene, accompanied by a steady volume of discordant sounds, both day and night. The bulls frequently utter savage roars of defiance, and keep up a constant scolding, chuckling and whistling in order to maintain discipline, and the cows have a shrill bleat and the pups an answering cry far more penetrating than the calls of ewe and lamb. Off each rookery there is throughout the season a party of swimming, playing and sleeping seals, and an incessant passage of seals to and from the rookery and hauling-grounds. Some of them are bachelors, but most of them are cows, whose necessity for going to sea for food is greater than that of any other members of the herd, for they have to sustain themselves and also provide nourishment for their pups. On the approach of cold weather, the cows and pups leave the islands together. Up to that time the pups have subsisted solely on milk, and they then have to learn to catch their own food, consisting of fish and squid. Inasmuch as the natural mortality among the pups in their first year is fully fifty per cent., it is evident that they experience many vicissitudes in the tempestuous seas to which they commit themselves. The males follow shortly after, but some remain about the islands throughout the winter in mild seasons, and the natives always depend on seals for food in December and January.

HUGH M. SMITH.

## TURNER AT OXFORD

*The Old Colleges of Oxford*; their architectural history illustrated and described, by Aymer Vallance. (Batsford.)

FIRST NOTICE.

THE appeal of Mr. Aymer Vallance's sumptuous volume on "The Old Colleges of Oxford" is primarily to those who venerate the University as their *alma mater*. Publishers' statements are not always exact, but Mr. Batsford's description of his new publication as "the most beautiful, interesting and complete book on the Colleges of Oxford" is fully justified. The fascination of Oxford exerts a sway far beyond the limits of its own intimate circle, and its treasures excite the admiration of thousands who cannot claim kinship with its sons. To these also "The Old Colleges of Oxford," with its wealth of illustrative matter, will prove of inestimable value. Mr. Aymer Vallance has brought together a most interesting collection of prints, drawings and photographs. However, the history of its architecture must be reserved for a second notice. I am confining myself at present to a single feature of this many-sided book.

In turning over the pages of Mr. Vallance's book it is noticeable that this exquisite city has rarely attracted artists of the first rank. Laborious topographers, engravers innumerable, have sought to set down its towers and pinnacles upon their drawing-boards and copper plates. The results attest their diligence rather than their art. David Loggan is delightful. His engravings catch some of the lost perfume of the past. But Loggan was no master. Probably Oxford is so beautiful in itself that an artist rather shirks an engagement which will probably end in defeat. There remains one exception. The noblest painter in the story of our art did spend some time in the University. Turner came in answer to a definite commission. He was young, official success had not hall-marked his talent, ungrudging appreciation did not reward his efforts. Probably for this reason he lost interest in a neighbourhood which certainly offered abundant opportunities for his brush. Dr. Warren has lately been lecturing upon John Keats' visit to Oxford. Turner, in his own way, was as supreme a poet, and we would like to know what welcome he received.

The few drawings of Oxford by Turner were executed chiefly for the University Press, which desired to use them in the historic "Oxford Almanack." Turner was a man of twenty-five, of rising reputation, but probably selected—as Ruskin suggests—because he was the cheapest artist the authorities could find. The drawings were paid for at the rate of ten guineas apiece. To-day, as Ruskin's editor methodically records, they are among "the chief treasures of the Oxford Galleries." But a century ago they were less appreciated. In May, 1806, according to Mr. C. F. Bell, the Board felt

obliged to ask a certain Mr. O'Neill to "sketch more correctly some parts of the inside of Christ Church Hall for the use of the engraver of the Almanack for the ensuing year." What happened can be easily noticed when comparing the fine drawing with Basire's engraving. The Board did not require a poetical treatment of the University's buildings, but demanded plain, matter-of-fact statement. In the Christ Church drawing Turner treated the pictures as patches of broken tone. In the engraving the conscientious O'Neill, in conjunction with Basire, worked upon the frames until each one became an easily recognisable portrait. That the effect is unpleasantly spotty did not concern the Board, which had captured its photographic reality, and effectually registered its lack of taste. These proceedings were continued on the other engravings, and one drawing was never used. Turner was a proud man. Abnormally self-conscious of his undistinguished birth and deficient education, he knew himself to be, as Ruskin in after life described him, "highly intellectual, the powers of the mind not brought out with any delight in their manifestation or intention of display, but flashing out occasionally in a word or a look." It is not too much to suggest that the authorities treated him as a wandering journeyman, and that he felt some resentment at their behaviour.

Mr. Vallance does not reproduce all the drawings made for the Almanack. There were but ten, and there are few other sketches in existence, some at Oxford, others at the British Museum and the Tate Gallery. Accepting Ruskin's arbitrary dates, they mostly come within the period of development before 1800. In his early days Turner was almost exclusively engaged as a topographical and architectural draughtsman. When he reached Oxford he was already entering a state of transition. How could it be otherwise with such a friend as Girtin? The first plate for the Almanack, "A View of Worcester College," followed closely the methods of his predecessors, the two Rookers. The meticulous detail of this early work is marvellous. There is a water-colour of Tom Tower, in the Tate Gallery, in which every course of masonry is painfully elaborated. The boy had not worked in the office of the architect Hardwick for nothing. An uncompleted pencil drawing of the interior of New College Chapel reveals his careful method of setting out an architectural subject. Ruskin dogmatized that an artist who could not draw could not paint, and the man who failed over his palette must necessarily be incompetent with his pencil. It is a sufficiently debatable proposition, but in Turner's case we know that the flaming impressions of his later period were based upon the most intimate knowledge of form, as well as a superb technical accomplishment.

The "Period of Development," 1775—1800, begins and ends with Oxford. One of the earliest Turner drawings in existence

is the curious "Folly Bridge and Bacon's Tower" (now at the Tate Gallery), which was painted in 1787 when the boy was twelve. Said to have been copied from an engraving, it bears many signs of original observation. But it is clumsy and awkward in drawing, defective in perspective, crude in colour. Several prescient biographers have unhesitatingly found in it

De Louthembourg, afterwards Claude. In 1799 he was an A.R.A., and busy upon canvases such as "Norham" and "Dolbadern Castle." Surely no man made so much progress in so short a while.

But his growing fame did not soften the controllers of the "Oxford Almanack." In 1807 the afore-mentioned O'Neill



MAGDALEN TOWER AND MAGDALEN BRIDGE.

(After J. M. W. Turner, R.A.)

every mark of a great genius. Old portfolios abound in works of this character.

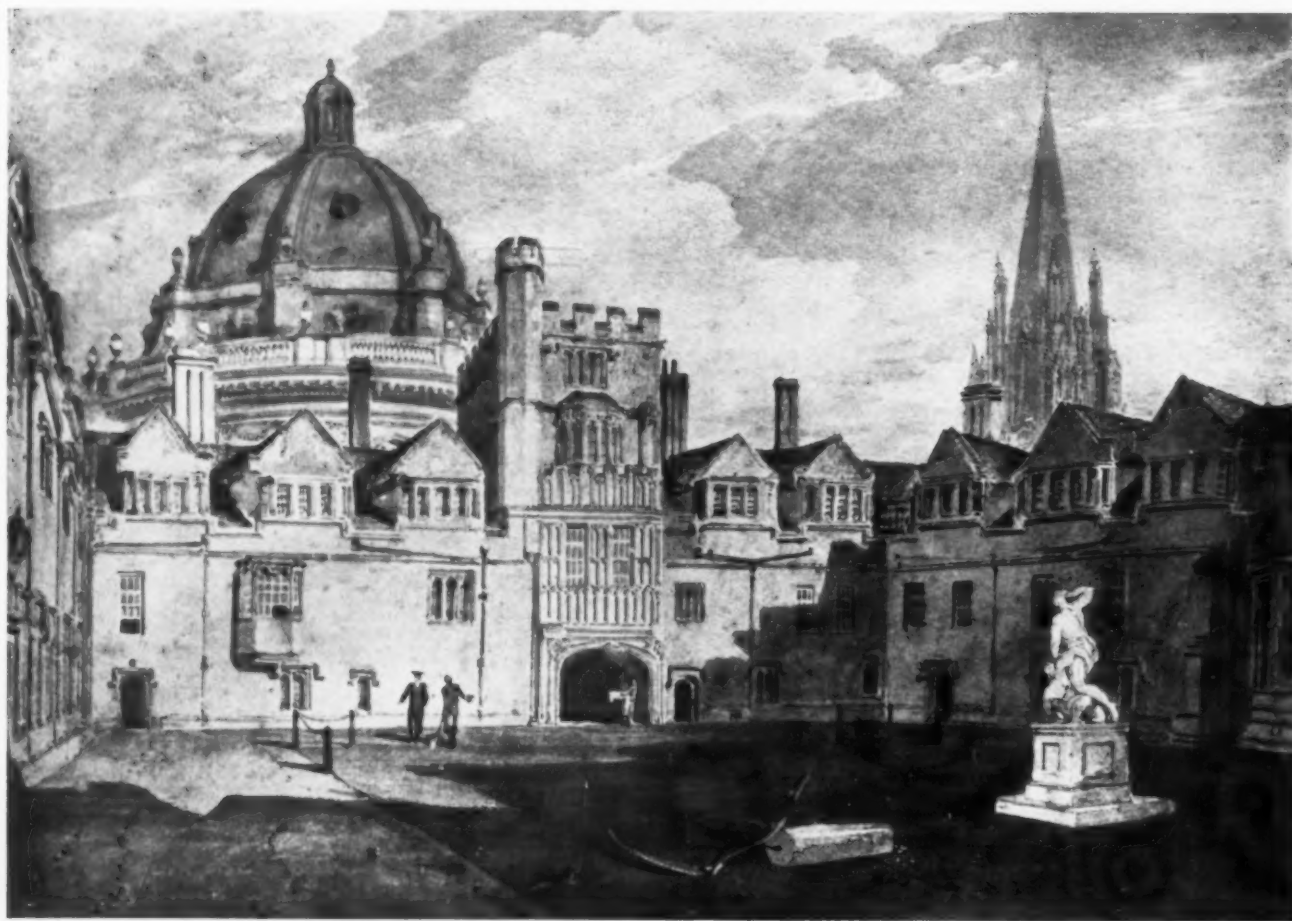
Twelve years later the young master was well out of his novitiate. He had sat at the feet of the older men; he had exerted every power to surpass his contemporaries. His artistic life was one of ambitious rivalries—first Girtin, then

came into action upon the drawing of Balliol, which was ultimately suppressed. In 1811 another of the now ageing sketches underwent the same botching process. Turner, now a full Academician, had made the first of the Continental tours which were to change the whole trend of his genius. But he had not forgotten Oxford. In 1812, Wyatt, the print-seller,





OLD CHRIST CHURCH HALL.  
(After J. M. W. Turner, R.A.)



BRAZENOSE COLLEGE.  
(After J. M. W. Turner, R.A.)



published the "High Street, Oxford," and, in 1818, "Oxford from the Abingdon Road." Whether he revisited the city, or merely worked upon impressions hoarded in his old sketch-books, it is hard to say. A large unfinished canvas in the Tate Gallery, of "Abingdon Bridge," suggests that he was in the neighbourhood later than 1800. These two plates were Turner's retaliation upon the directors of the "Oxford Almanack."

How careful he was in the selection of a fit engraver we can learn from Thornbury's "Life." And to prevent any mistake as to the position he had reached in the world, the early proofs of the "Abingdon Road" bore the inscription "Painted by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., P.P.," the final mystic letters commemorating his election as "Professor of Perspective."

HUGH STOKES



CHRIST CHURCH HALL.

(After J. M. W. Turner, R.A.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY AND PAINTING.

IT is impossible to insult more cunningly the earnest "art" photographer than by remarking that his creations are "quite like pictures." This is an encomium to which, poor aspirant for recognition, he has grown sadly accustomed. That the flatterer knows nothing about photography is to be expected; but the truth is that he who thus glibly compares a photograph with a painting (for "a picture" means "a painting" in the vocabulary of such slipshod critics) proves himself to be not simply ignorant of the camera, but ignorant of brush and palette also. One would have thought that by this time the world might have discovered that the processes whereby a photograph is produced, and the processes whereby a painting or a drawing or an etching is produced, are utterly different, and that the characteristics of the respective results are utterly different too. The observer who mistakes a photograph for the product of *any* other art or craft is stupid: I know not how else to express the peculiar blend of ignorance and blindness which must be his. To be sure, the afore-mentioned "advanced" amateur of the camera, handing his portfolio of platinotype or bromoil prints round his own family circle, will find that nine out of ten of his nearest and dearest make the mistake alluded to. Alas! an artist's relatives *are* always stupid, when one comes to think of it. But that arbiters of taste, who, as likely as not, make the studios ring with their conviction (a perfectly indisputable one, by the by) that the camera is a machine, should proceed to estimate its results by the standards of another and infinitely remote art, whose peculiarities are every one of them rooted in the circumstance that it at no point touches the mechanical, but is a handicraft throughout—that such a futile and meaningless

comparison should be made by any individual laying claim to æsthetic nous is indeed paralysing.

Admittedly, photographers themselves were the first to clamour for the validity of this parallelism or competition between the camera and the pencil. But if painters know nothing about photography, photographers know even less about painting; so the error is no more blameworthy in the one camp than in the other. The vanguard of photographers, one admits, have learnt a great deal about painting latterly, and have repudiated the jam of "quite like a picture" in which inimical reviewers conceal the pill that the camera, a machine, can have no dealings with art. Still, even the vanguard of photographers seem to cling to the obsession for photography-criticism whose dogmas are based on painting-criticism. They accept, I mean, the assertion that a photograph is artistically good because it has merits recognised by painters *quâ* painters, when they ought vehemently to reject any such alien, far-fetched, probably insincere and certainly silly doctrine. Painting has nothing to do with photography. Half of the alleged beauties in painting which the connoisseur looks for and rejoices over are symptoms of the rather charming and always individual roughnesses inseparable from human handwork; to discern—and belaud—these manual distinguishing marks in a picture whose boast it is that it was made by the aid of machinery is ridiculous. The admirable thing about a good photograph is not that it looks like a painting, but that it does not look like a painting. Photography can take its stand on this: that (whatever it *cannot* do) there are certain things which it can do supremely well, and which no other art or craft can do at all.

The camera is a machine. Let us grasp this fundamental fact. But let us not promptly resign our common-sense and declare that the controversy—Art v. Photography—is settled in a single bout by this admission. For there are machines and machines:

The painter has to learn to control his brush; if he could only *think* his colours on to the canvas, how lovely would be his picture! But no, he must train his hand. He is as hampered as would be the poet who—were there no pens, no paper and



Mrs G. A. Barton.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

Copyright.

and if anyone tells me that, because there is no art in (let us say) a paper of pins stamped out of steel wire at a million an hour by a machine, there is also no art in a sentence written on a typewriter (also a machine), then I give him up altogether.

nothing but stone on which to inscribe his verses—might have to overcome the initial difficulty of learning to use a mallet and chisel neatly and without hitting himself on the thumb before he could get to his genuine business—writing. If only

the painter, as I said, could *think* his colours on to the canvas! Who knows but it may come? We may live to see the introduction of a machine for distributing colour, a machine controlled by the brain of the artist, but a machine which does not, like

be accused of too smooth a finish (or some such Superior Person fault) because the crudity of brush strokes had been got rid of; and we should have some inventor improving on the machine by causing it to "fake" smudges. Perfection would, nevertheless,



Mrs. G. A. Barton.

THE CHURCHWARDEN.

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the brush and the rest of it; bother him to coerce his fingers to the trick of manipulating it: so his mind may be free to do *all* the work. There would be a hullabaloo raised against the colour-distributing machine; paintings made by it would

conquer in the long run; and in the matter of our theoretical colour-distributing machine (probably an impossible conception) the chief results would be (1) the abolition of all sorts of flaws and uncouthnesses which had, up till its introduction,



masqueraded as decorations, and (2) the artist's relief from the burden of finger-management and his freeing for the purpose of creating imaginatively without the nuisance of having to filter his ideas through the laborious fumbings of a handicraft.

How many great painters there would be if, to be a painter, one did not first have to learn to draw! An absurd reflection? I retort that Art is by no means inseparably bound up with handicraft. Penmanship is so universally known, in these centuries, that it is nonsense to say that it is necessary to conquer the disconcerting difficulties of learning to trace

on to the keys, while mechanism transfers them thence on to the platen, so the student of the beauties of Nature, armed with a camera, has scarcely more to do than point the camera at the landscape he admires, and lo, he has secured a picture. Now the typist's typescript may be fair to the eye, but contain rubbish for the mind if the author be no artist; and the negative of the landscape will be commonplace if the photographer's guiding vision be commonplace. In both cases the machine will do the work; it lies entirely with the user whether that work is fine or paltry. In neither case has the machine "made"

anything; in neither case is the machine worthy of one atom of credit in the performance.

It would be great fun to embroider this argument concerning cameras, type writers, colour-distributing machines and so forth, and to frisk further among the yawning pitfalls which obviously surround a diatribe dependent on such whimsical logic; but enough has already been said to indicate that this woolly talk about Art's antagonism to machinery is not going to lead anti-photographers very far; nor is there any profit in the photographers' repudiation of photography's most exquisite virtues—its unpaint-like values, its unpaint-like texture, its unpaint-like accuracy, its unpaint-like range of subjects—all blessings both to photography and painting, if only photographers and painters could see it. Meanwhile, one is inclined to wish that a law could be passed forbidding all young photographers to enter any exhibition of paintings or drawings. Had neither painting nor drawing been in existence when photography was discovered, the latter by this time would have been an art unique and recognised and respected. The red herring of paint-canon-of-Art has lured photographers from the pursuit of natural truth and beauty into all sorts of the queerest *culs-de-sac*. We have photographers actually printing on rough-surfaced paper, and so debasing the wonderfully fine image-bearing deposit of the emulsion because it is, forsooth, too photographic; we have them modifying tone-values to make them look not more like Nature but more like a painter's rendering of Nature; we have—but why proceed? Half the clumsy gaucheries committed by photographers are due to this insane worship of painting and this adulatory acceptance of painters' dicta as gospel.

As for the delightful examples of Mrs. G. A. Barton's



Mrs. G. A. Barton.

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

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pothooks and form letters and spell before you can be an author. Yet authorship is an art: a hard art; but dependent on no furthest nodding acquaintance with handicraft. It is practicable to be an author without hands; the handless author would dictate, and might be, none the less, a literary artist although he had never inked one letter on the page. No; this insistence on the connection between handwork and Art will not do. Art unchained from handwork would only soar the higher.

Photography, if it be an art, is an art partially at least thus unchained. Just as, in using the typewriter, there is little need for the literary man to do aught but think his ideas in word,

photographic fancifulness which accompany these notes, they are but exceptions whose rarity the more emphasises the rule they have apparently been evolved to disprove. Mrs. Barton may take her inspiration from Rembrandt or Sir Joshua Reynolds; but heaven forbid that any other less sure-footed amateur should follow in her path. Her work (let us be candid) is supremely good; its odd painteresque mannerisms and artificialities are extraordinarily seductive; it is specialisation carried to a high power; but, with it all, one asks one's self whether its archaic quaintness is not something of an affectation. A delicious affectation maybe, but still an affectation—even

a distortion of the chosen medium in which she so skilfully works. Suppose that, instead of going to the Old Masters, Mrs. Barton had improvised straight from Nature; suppose she had found her lightings in the sunshine instead of in the yellowing pigment on gallery walls; suppose she had discovered her poses in humanity instead of in Madonnas and long-dead studio models? Would her pictures have been any the less dignified and eyes satisfying? Well, as a matter of fact, I have seen specimens of Mrs. Barton's artistry underived (as far as I was competent to guess) from any classic original: outdoor, vivacious portraits and the like; and I am impenitent enough to assert that the further removed from painterlike qualities were her pictures the better they pleased me. I no more wish to see things done by photography which could have been done by painting than

*vice versa*. A hybrid technique is bad enough (Mrs. Barton's photographs possess a technique remarkably pure), but a hybrid manner, motif and stylistic presentation are worse. Photography and painting should never mate; they belong to different species, for all that their respective offspring happen to be superficially similar, and when the hybrid does occur it may be curious or attractive, or both, but it is sterile.

Mrs. Barton is celebrated, and justly so, in the photographic world, celebrated for her ingenuity, her patience, her faultless mastery of her materials. I look forward to the day when she will be more celebrated still; when no one will dream of offering her achievements the dubious tribute, now too readily and automatically rising to the lips, that they are "quite like pictures."

WARD MUIR.

## MR. FRANK BRANGWYN AND HIS ART.



THE BLACK MILL, WINCHELSEA.

IN "The Etchings of Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., R.P.E.," published by the Fine Art Society, Limited, admirers of an artist whose work has gained just recognition in his own country and on the Continent will find much that is worthy of their most sincere and critical attention. For the collection is one to be lingered over and returned to again and again, both on account of the beauty and worth of its reproductions and the wide range covered by the imagination of their creator. Here is a record of work done which should speak for itself to those who have the handling of a volume on the production of which no pains have been spared, and one which demonstrates forcibly the excellence of execution arrived at by the publishers to whom its appearance is due. In consideration of the attention Mr. Brangwyn's work has been accorded on the Continent, in cataloguing the etchings a French and English rendering, in naming them, has been given; this for the guidance of the wide public to which it is

to be foreseen this well-advised reproduction of the work of an artist of Mr. Brangwyn's power must inevitably appeal. His work has year by year challenged attention by its breadth, originality and unabated vigour, demanding ultimate recognition as its right. Mr. Brangwyn's success as an etcher was not required to compel this recognition; nevertheless, it is Frank Brangwyn the etcher that we are concerned with in this volume, and it must be acknowledged that in no sense has he lost by turning to this new medium of expression. It is obvious on examining these reproductions of his etchings that in devoting himself to etched work he has not been at fault. With growing appreciation we follow the course of his progress through this volume, which is arranged in order from 1900 up to the present year. Mr. Brangwyn's plates cover ground of such variety, beauty and interest that they must inevitably impress and arrest the mind and eye. As the scope of the



BREAKING UP OF THE DUNCAN.  
(From "The Etchings of Frank Brangwyn.")





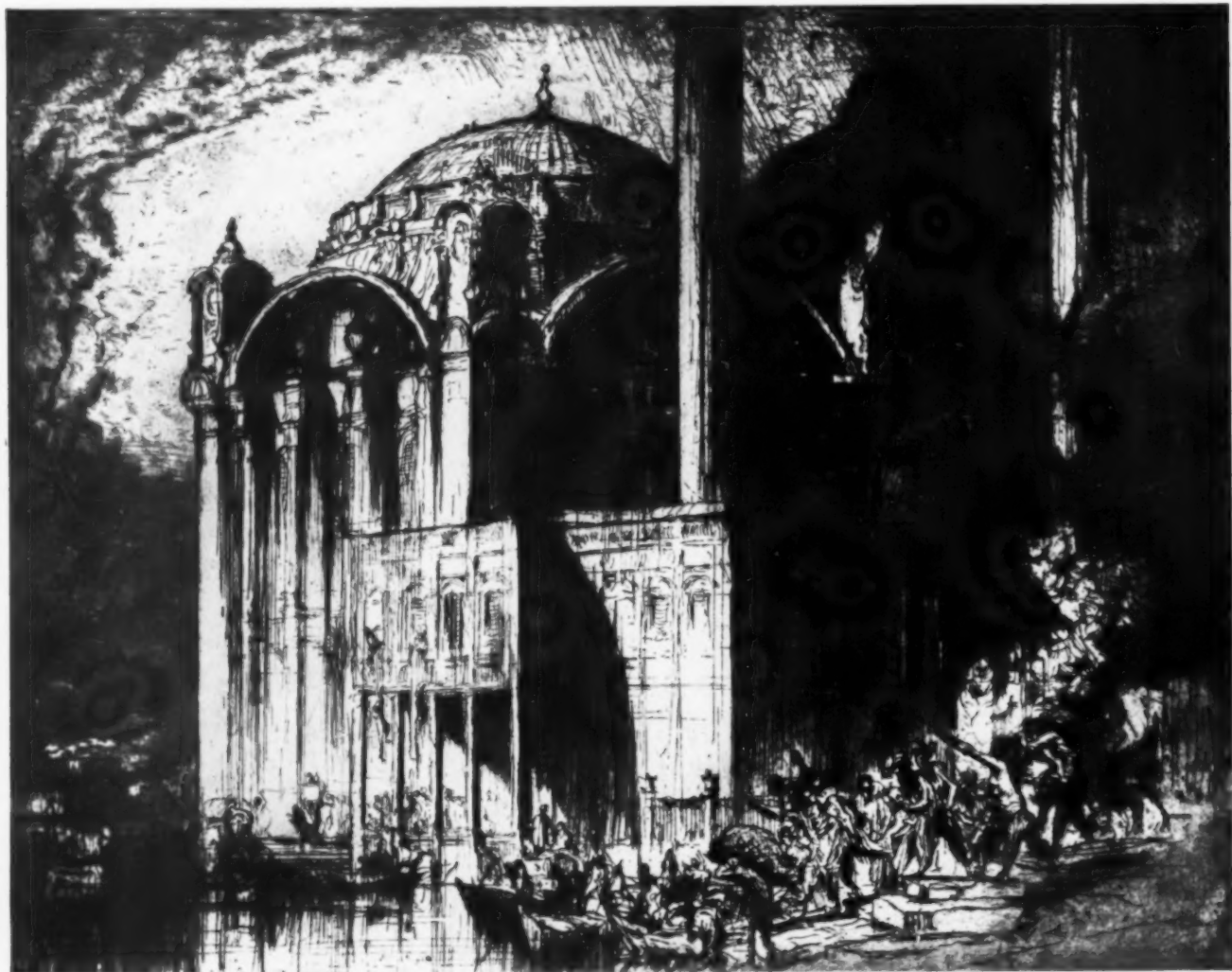
BRIDGE, BARNARD CASTLE.  
(From "The Etchings of Frank Brangwyn")

book is wide, it is difficult to classify its contents; but the series of impressions of Messina, which the artist visited soon after the catastrophe, will be of special interest. Some of his etchings, either etched on the spot or from sketches, show the places visited as they were left by the earthquake of 1908; of these plates "The Apse of Duomo" and "The Shrine of the Immacolata" are very fine. The latter is one of the few monuments that escaped destruction. Again, visits to France and Belgium have resulted in a number of etchings of architectural and romantic interest; among the former, though possibly overshadowed by more ambitious subjects of the same kind, "The Church of St. Saulve, Montreuil," is worth notice.

To turn now to consideration of the artist himself, it should at once be said that a peculiar interest attaches to the work of such a man as Mr. Frank Brangwyn, in whom versatility in choice and treatment of subject, combined with strength and pronounced individuality in execution, startles the imagination and delights the artistic perception by its inherent and forceful mastery of

one enough. Swayed at an early age towards a self-expression which found its most congenial medium the pencil, the succeeding years of boyhood and early manhood, while discovering indubitably his gift, demanded also some sacrifices in its cultivation. There were, however, those who had seen with the perceptive eye, and were, possibly, not greatly surprised when, at eighteen, his first picture was hung in the Royal Academy, a second following upon its heels the succeeding year. This happy augury for the future was followed by others, and gradually the young painter found his feet, to set them upon that ladder which steadily and unhesitatingly he has since mounted, gaining further recognition as his powers developed, strengthened and amplified, and maintaining always the essential personal choice and treatment of subject so difficult to preserve when the common cry is directed against the individualist.

Within the last ten years an interesting development of Mr. Brangwyn's gift has given us his etched work. At first experimental, but swiftly perfecting itself and brought to such excellence as must delight the most exigent, the boldness and



A MOSQUE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

each new subject. For Mr. Brangwyn is a worker who has come into his own in despite of obstacles and entirely on his own merits; failing at first to appeal to a public not so much out of sympathy with his conceptions as uncertain of its capacity to understand him, there was considerable opposition and misinterpretation to be borne down before a just recognition at length accorded him the position he now holds. For he did not attain to success without coming through an initial apprenticeship to discouragement which might well have daunted a stout heart. Original and daring in his striking out a path for himself, he had at the same time, fortunately, the courage of his convictions; and it is to the tenacity of his hold upon these that we owe the existence of one of our most individual present-day artists, whose work has been at once most severely handled and sincerely praised—a condition of affairs in itself demonstrating the power of his workmanship to arrest, if not to subjugate, the critical mind.

The youth of the artist was a difficult one, the following of his natural bent entailing some hardships; these made existence at times a precarious affair, the road to fortune a rough

vigour of the artist's efforts have not failed to impress, and the originality of his method to convert. Yet that this arrival of a new-comer, striking out for himself an unprecedented course and determined upon no imitative pilgrimage in the footsteps of past-masters of his art, should receive an immediate congratulatory welcome was not to be expected; criticisms, adverse and favourable, were meted out in full measure to the intrepid adventurer whose etchings set the traditional methods at defiance. Nevertheless, in 1906 the Milan International Exhibition awarded its Grand Prix to the wonderful "Santa Maria della Salute," a finished and beautiful piece of detailed work which also received from the Venice International Exhibition the same well-merited recognition. Embarked upon this new phase of his art, the subsequent output of etchings by the artist shows the grip and ascendancy this new medium quickly gained; and grateful though we are to him when remembering the almost barbaric splendour of his colour, we yet find ourselves arguing in favour of the excursion which leaves us free to enjoy to the full his intuitive and courageous sense of the value of form as divorced from colour.

Separating the etchings into groups, a truer estimate of the artist's work is made attainable than would be effected by a generalisation on the whole. Almost immediately, out of the pushing throng of impressions, all more or less insistent, the conviction that Mr. Brangwyn is acutely conscious of the dignity and beauty of labour asserts itself impressively. The worker fascinates him—the worker's environment, his habit, his look, his soul. Labour, and the achievements of labour, make an irresistible and inspiring appeal, to find expression when he betrays himself in such subjects as "The Shipbuilding Yard," "London Bridge," "Building the Victoria and Albert Museum," "The Coal Mine" and "The Return from Work," impressive by sheer force of the brain and eye that sought and found beauty and nobility in ugliness, grime and sweat! Then, an extraordinary joy in movement, again associated with toil, cannot but declare itself through such strong and virile figure grouping as is to be found in "Sawyers" (a glance back into a not far-distant past), "Blacksmiths," "The Tow-Rope," "The Tanpit" and others. In each of these is a suggestion of man wedded to his task, physically exulting in it, perhaps hating it, yet spending his strength in its service.

Mr. Brangwyn has, too, a love of the beautiful for its own sake, evidenced in the beautiful impression "The Bridge, Cahors," a delicately-finished example of his less robust conception. And from this the mind leaps to two other gems of workmanship, "A Cornfield, Montreuil," and "The Haycart," etched from a sketch made at Montreuil, and suggesting an inspiration in common. Passing on from these, Mr. Brangwyn's separate treatment of three companion subjects suggests itself—"The Breaking Up of the Duncan, of the Hannibal and of the Caledonia." Possibly the first takes precedence in point of interest; the trio are, however, noticeably fine examples of an extraordinary breadth and nobility of accomplishment.

Side by side with "The Rialto, Venice," in point of beauty and a slight forcing of the decorative note, "The Bridge of Sighs"

discovers itself to us, a familiar subject, tragic, mysterious and coupled with romance, though, perhaps, losing here a little of its mystery in the finish that robs it of its age. By this reservation we come back to consideration of the living flame which leaps and leaps again in the work of an artist whose appeal, strong and insistent, has eventually gained him a hearing. That flame appears to be love of labour for its own sake, expressed in a constant goading impulse to create. And in this creating Mr. Brangwyn does not so much depend on imagination as a stimulus as on the suggestions forced upon him by the world he definitely and materially sees. For this reason he might, but for the misapplication of a much-abused term, be described as a realist, for he etches what he sees around him every day of his life, and what we can see if we care to look for it. He errs neither by idealisation of his subject nor by debasing it, because for him, obviously, there is beauty in all things. And this quality, seeming to animate his work, might, perhaps, be taken as a key to his occasional indulgence in the presentment of beautiful sympathetic Nature plates, such as "The Storm," "Fairlight," "A Road in Picardy," restful, simple, pure, which, less characteristic than his more virile conceptions, yet have their significance in consideration of what he has done. A piece of work which appeals strongly to the imagination, and seems more truly characteristic of Mr. Brangwyn's gift, is "The Black Mill, Winchelsea"; striking a somewhat sombre note, it is yet not melancholy, the tale of toil accomplished lending it relief.

With this conviction of a restless and forceful personality speaking through his work, not so much bearing a message as expressing the spirit of his age, it is possible to look to Mr. Brangwyn in confident expectation of even greater things. Meantime, to such as know and can appreciate fine achievement, the work standing to Mr. Brangwyn's name must be a source of inspiration and unqualified enjoyment.

JESSIE LECKIE HERBERTSON.

## AN INDIAN PEASANT'S LIVESTOCK.

IT is perhaps small wonder that the cow is a sacred animal to the Hindu, seeing how close a connection there lies between the prosperity of the Indian cultivator and the welfare of his cattle. On implements, the outlay that will cover an agriculturist's requirements is comparatively

petty, a rough plough priced at four or five rupees, a rougher harrow, costing about half that sum, two or three iron spades and a couple of wooden shovels at less than a rupee apiece—these constitute his actual necessities, though if he be a prosperous fellow, he may also own a small cart worth



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PLOUGHING THE MOIST EARTH NEAR A JHIL.

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HORSE AND FOOT.

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RAM BUKSH AND HIS CART.

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A SMALL BUT VIGOROUS CUSTODIAN.

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twenty or thirty rupees, and perhaps a ten-rupee share in an iron sugar-cane mill, though such mills are usually merely hired. In any case, whether he be well off or not, his disbursements on dead stock are dwarfed by what he has to spend on livestock in the form of draught bullocks, or buffaloes, that, in an endless routine, plough his lands, toil at the irrigating well and drag to market their owner's cart—if he has got one—or else that of a neighbour, if he is obliging enough to lend it.

The buying, therefore, of a new bullock is, indeed, an event of importance in the life of Ram Buksh, and it can easily be imagined that his mind is not free from anxiety as he drives home his recent purchase, to acquire which perhaps he has expended the savings of a year or more; or, if there have been no savings, borrowed the price at heavy interest from the local money-lender. Not that borrowing can only be effected from money-lenders; should the cultivator be able to produce fair security, the district officer will advance him his requirements



H. K. Gracey.

TAKING HOME HIS BARGAIN.

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from State funds at the moderate annual interest of 6½ per cent. Fair security, too, is a term liberally interpreted—the signature of a couple of substantial tenants will suffice.

Though not quite so common as the ox, the buffalo runs him a good second in point of usefulness; indeed, for certain classes of soil a pair of buffaloes is preferred to a pair of oxen. This is particularly the case in the heavy, marshy clays that fringe the extensive jhils, or shallow lakes, so common in Upper India. The natural drying-up process that in these tracks follows the cessation of the monsoon is generally accelerated by the constant withdrawal of water for irrigation purposes, mostly by the laborious instrumentality of the basket-lift. The consequence is that every few days a fresh margin of moist

mere boundary marks, that have no pretensions to serving as guards against intruders or trespassers, whether biped or quadruped. Every animal or herd, therefore, turned out to graze has some more or less able-bodied person in charge of it to see that it runs no risk of being impounded for damaging crops. The size of the custodian is sometimes trivial compared to the mighty animals to be looked after; but the duty is none the less efficiently performed, partly by the aid of a weighty, freely-wielded stick, but perhaps mostly by the use of a shrill and capable tongue, whose volume and variety of invective would turn the most accomplished Billingsgateite green with envy.

As a beast of burden, though never used for agricultural purposes, the lightly-built, wiry Indian "tattoo,"

or pony, is of some, though not very great, importance in village life. The small pedlars of cloth and odd articles that go the round of the principal local markets on their respective days often use a pony as a beast of burden, while well-to-do tenants and peasant-proprietors occasionally keep one for riding or breeding purposes, or both, for it is the commonest of sights to see a microscopic colt or filly scampering backwards and forwards up and down the road, keeping its dam company, quite undeterred by the laborious destiny the maternal example shows to be in store for it. With legs of the most wondrous shapes, exhibiting almost every defect that an equine leg can be heir to, it is extraordinary what loads the well-plucked little beasts carry with apparent cheerfulness. It is true that they are rarely, if ever, expected to go out of a walk, or, at the most, an amble; yet the walk is a fast one, and the total distances covered are considerable.

As to the prices of animals, variations are naturally wide. A pair of sixteen-hand bullocks may cost as much as four or even five hundred rupees; such expensive beasts are, however, the aristocrats of their world, and will probably have an easy time of it, never seeing a plough or doing more than drag a rich man's "rath" or state carriage, a gorgeous two or four wheeled vehicle, brilliant in brass and canopied and curtained in many colours. Still, in the rich districts of the Upper Ganges, Jumna "doab," fine creatures, for which as much as two hundred or two hundred and fifty rupees a pair has been paid, are often yoked to a plough or worked at the well; but in an average



H. K. Gracey.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE PONY.

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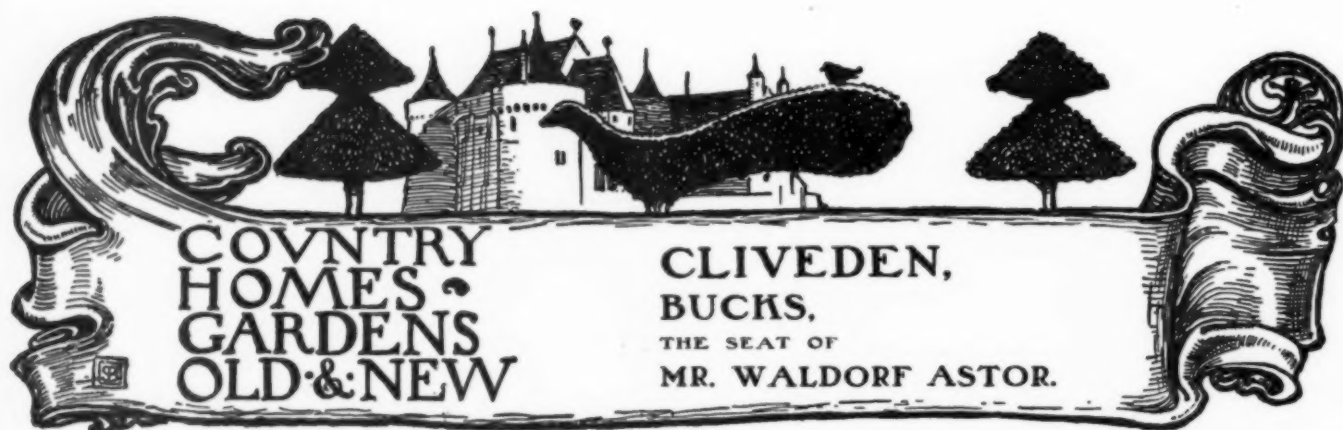
soil is laid bare, to drag the plough through which the massive-bodied buffaloes, with their broad, splay hoofs, are specially adapted.

In one important branch of utility, namely, as milch cattle, the buffalo actually surpasses his, or rather her, rival, her milk, if somewhat coarser, being more plentiful and much richer in cream than a cow's. It is true that the butter made from a buffalo's milk has the disadvantage of being absolutely white; this difficulty is, for those sensitive Europeans who like to see their butter a good English yellow, overcome easily enough by the addition of a nominal amount of vegetable dye, which brings about the desired hue. Fences and hedges are conspicuous by their absence in Upper India, fields being mostly divided by the narrowest and lowest of earthen ridges,

district prices for oxen range downwards from about half these rates, and the animals themselves are proportionately inferior. A good cow will fetch anything from thirty to a hundred rupees. Draught buffaloes fetch rather less than oxen. On the other hand, milch buffaloes run higher than cows, going up sometimes to two hundred or two hundred and fifty rupees each.

The little Indian pony of the class the villager or pedlar affects costs very little, usually something between ten and twenty rupees, though stronger and better-bred animals fetch more, seventy or eighty rupees being not an uncommon price. For convenience in transforming the above prices into English money, it may be noted that fifteen rupees are to all intents and purposes a pound.

H. KIRKWOOD GRACEY.



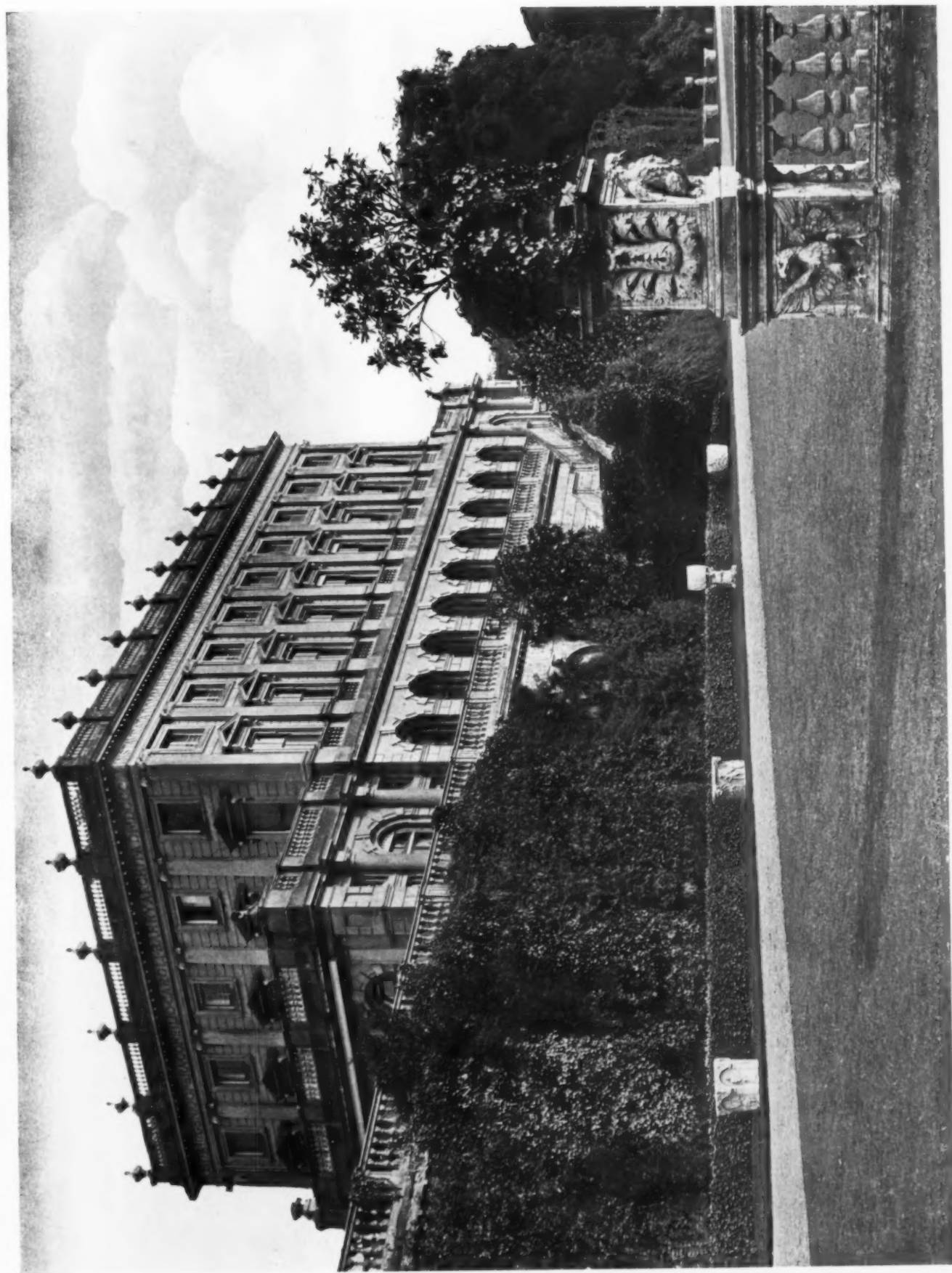
I WENT to Clifden, that stupendous natural rock, wood and prospect, of the Duke of Buckingham's building,—of extraordinary expense. The grotts in the chalky rock are pretty—it is a romantic object, and the place altogether answers the most poetical description that can be made of solitude, precipice, prospect or whatever can contribute to a thing so very like their imaginations. The stand is something like Frascati as to its front, and on the platform is a circular view to the utmost verge of the horizon, which, with the serpentine of the Thames, is admirable. The staircase is for its materials singular, and the cloisters, descents, gardens and avenue through the wood august and stately, but the land all about barren and producing nothing but ferns. Indeed, as I told His Majesty that evening (asking me how I liked Clifden) without flattery, that it did not please me so well as Windsor for the prospect and park, there being but only one opening, and that narrow, which led one to any variety."

John Evelyn made this entry in his Diary more than two centuries ago, but the impression made on the modern visitor is no less rich and striking. Nothing of the Duke's house remains except the great under-building of the magnificent terrace, four hundred feet long and twenty-five feet wide, but even this has been much altered, especially in the disposition of the stairways. The gardens have been changed and the prospect of the neighbouring country is no longer bare, but cultivated and smiling.

Although Evelyn was right in claiming for the Royal Castle a great and unconfined outlook, the view from the terrace

at Windsor overlooking Eton College and the meadows scarcely surpasses the splendid picture which meets the eye from the terrace at Cliveden, with the Thames winding like a silver thread through the gaps in a foreground of trees. The house has had an unusually chequered history. There does not seem to have been any building on the site until it was bought by George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, some time after the Restoration. The architect was Captain Wynne, or Winde, a native of Holland and a pupil of Sir Balthazar Gerbier. He was a man of considerable ability, and is, perhaps, best remembered now for his design of Newcastle House, Lincoln's Inn Fields, which remains, though somewhat altered. Very little is known of Wynne. He must have been a friend of Samuel Pepys, for he received a twenty-shilling mourning ring at his funeral in 1703, but there is no mention of him in the Diary. We have no space here to attempt a sketch of so vivid and contradictory a character as George Villiers. Like Charles II., he dabbled in the arts and sciences, and as Bryan Fairfax wrote of him, spent much on building "in that sort of architecture which Cicero calls *insanæ substructiones*." Unfortunately, Fairfax, the author of the only contemporary biography of the Duke, gives no details of his architectural employments. The work at Cliveden was begun about 1666, and among the State Papers there is a significant warrant dated June 21st, 1677. The Duke was then a prisoner in the Tower, and had permission to go to Cliveden, "attended by Sir John Robinson, to take order about carrying on some buildings of his there, and to remain till the 23rd and then return to the Tower." Apparently, Cliveden was





GREAT TERRACE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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BALUSTRADE FROM THE VILLA BORGHESE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

finished when Evelyn went there in 1679, so Buckingham's flying visit from gaol was probably in connection with the completion of the work. No doubt the house in his day was the scene of many of those scandalous proceedings which

shocked the consciences of the time, seared as they were. There is in Pope's couplet :

Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove,  
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love.



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A GARDEN STAIRWAY

"COUNTRY LIFE."



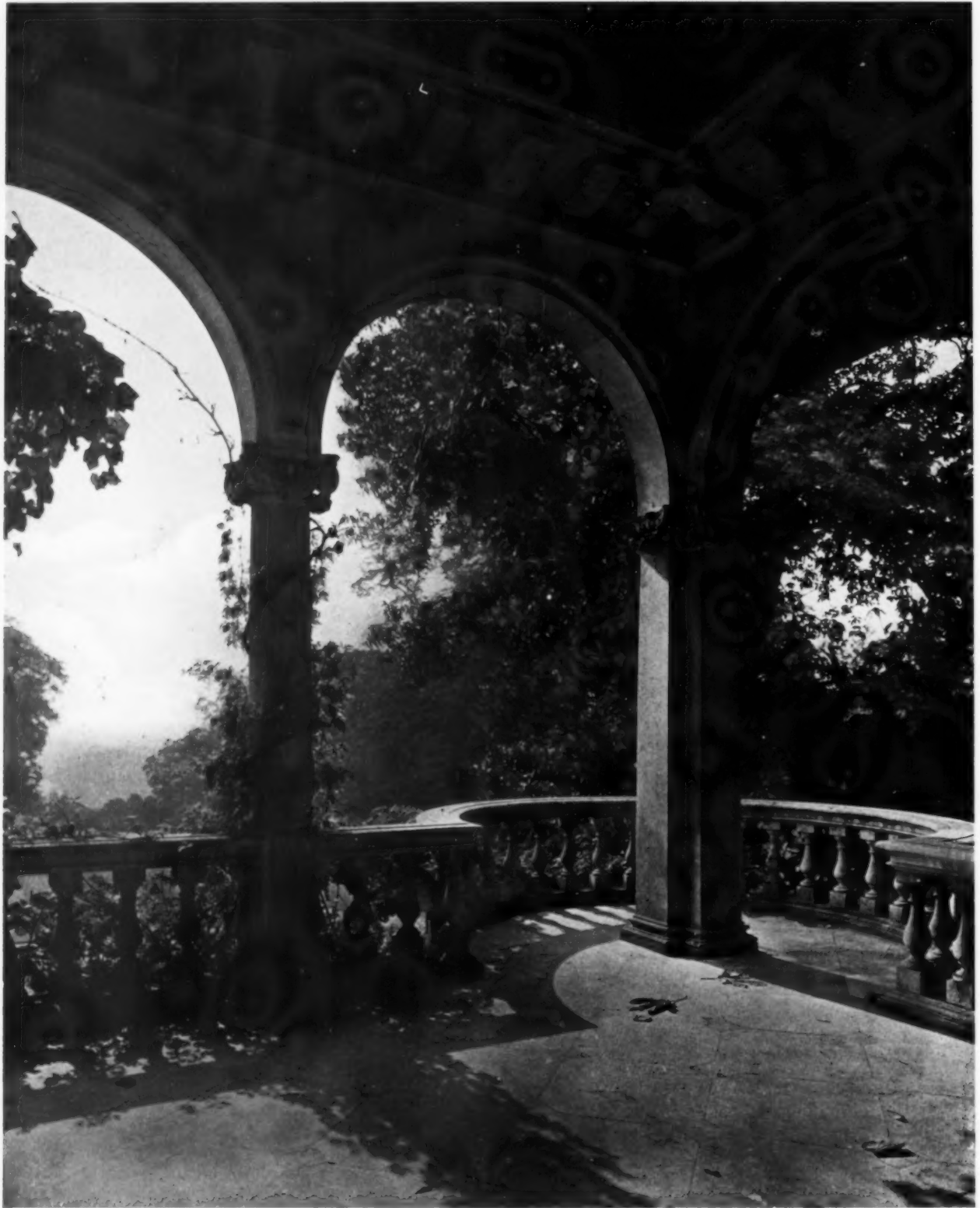
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TERMINAL FOUNTAIN OF THE BALUSTRADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a reference to the Duke's intrigue with the infamous Countess Shrewsbury. When Buckingham fought a duel with the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Countess, disguised as a page, held her lover's horse. Soon after the Duke's death in 1687, Cliveden was bought by the Earl of Orkney, who straightway made considerable alterations to the house. His architect was Archer, the designer of St. Philip's, Birmingham, and St. John's, Westminster, whose chief work seems to have been

her the wisest woman he ever knew. She did not marry Orkney until after Queen Mary's death. King William was apparently so touched with remorse at the loss of his wife that he determined to find a husband for Elizabeth Villiers, and arranged a match between her and Lord George Hamilton, whom he made Earl of Orkney. Her counsels were much sought by statesmen, and she entertained both George I. and George II. at Cliveden.



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WITHIN THE GARDEN-HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the addition of some colonnades which connected the main body of the house with flanking pavilions. The Earl of Orkney was notable mainly as the husband of his wife, Elizabeth Villiers. This extraordinary woman (whose intimacy with William III. was one of Queen Mary's principal griefs) was very unprepossessing. Swift records that "she squinted like a dragon," and Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu, that "she was a mixture of fat and wrinkles," but Swift also thought

In 1735 more building was done at Cliveden. Giacomo Leoni, the Italian who was architect of Clandon Park, designed the small octagonal temple which stands south-west of the house at the point where the plateau breaks away sharply down to the river. Unfortunately, its position and the neighbourhood of trees prevent its being photographed. It is now used as a chapel. The next Countess of Orkney, Anne, let Cliveden to Frederick Prince of Wales, and it was there that Thomson's

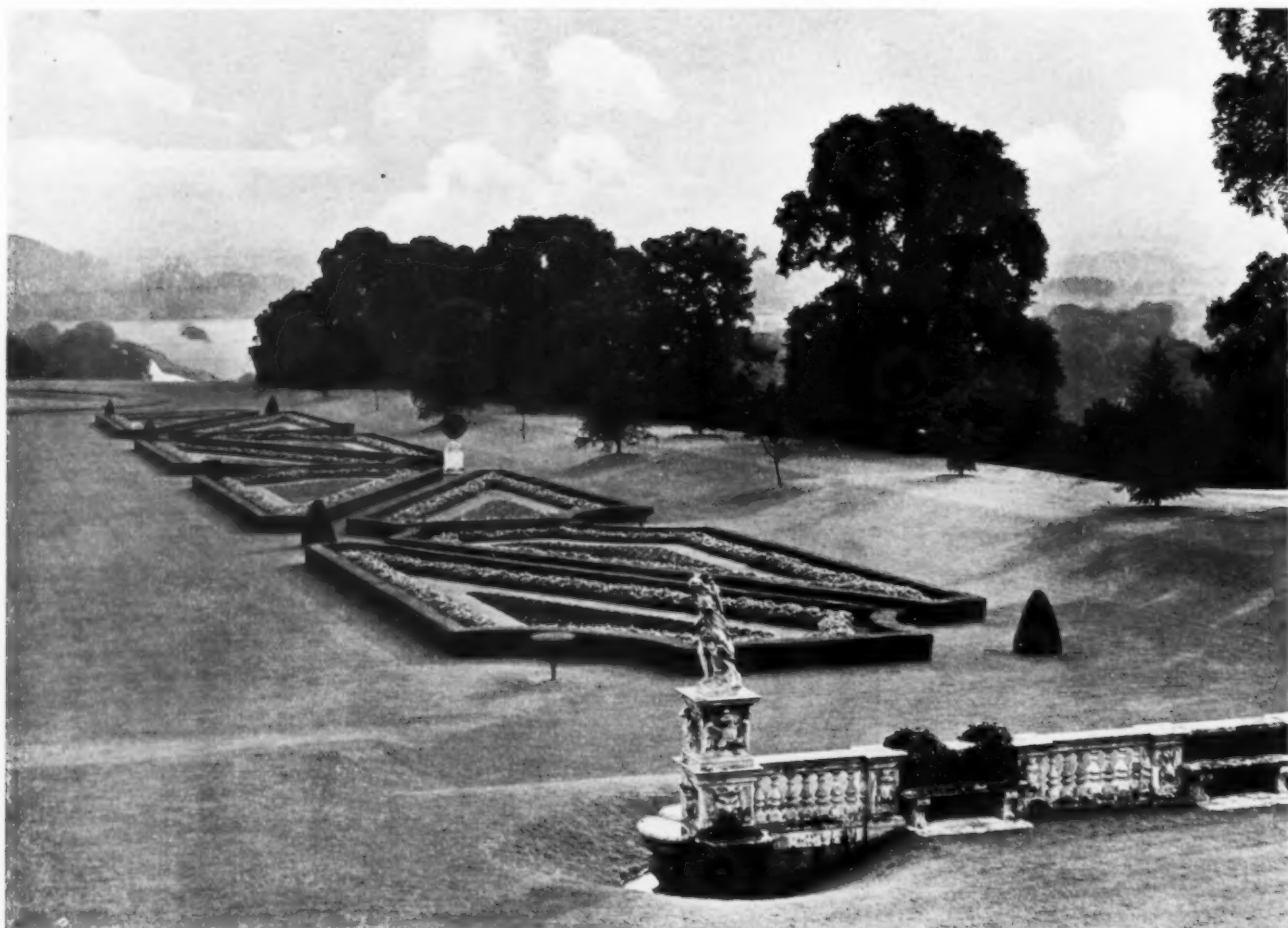




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BETWEEN THE BALUSTRADES.

—COUNTRY LIFE.



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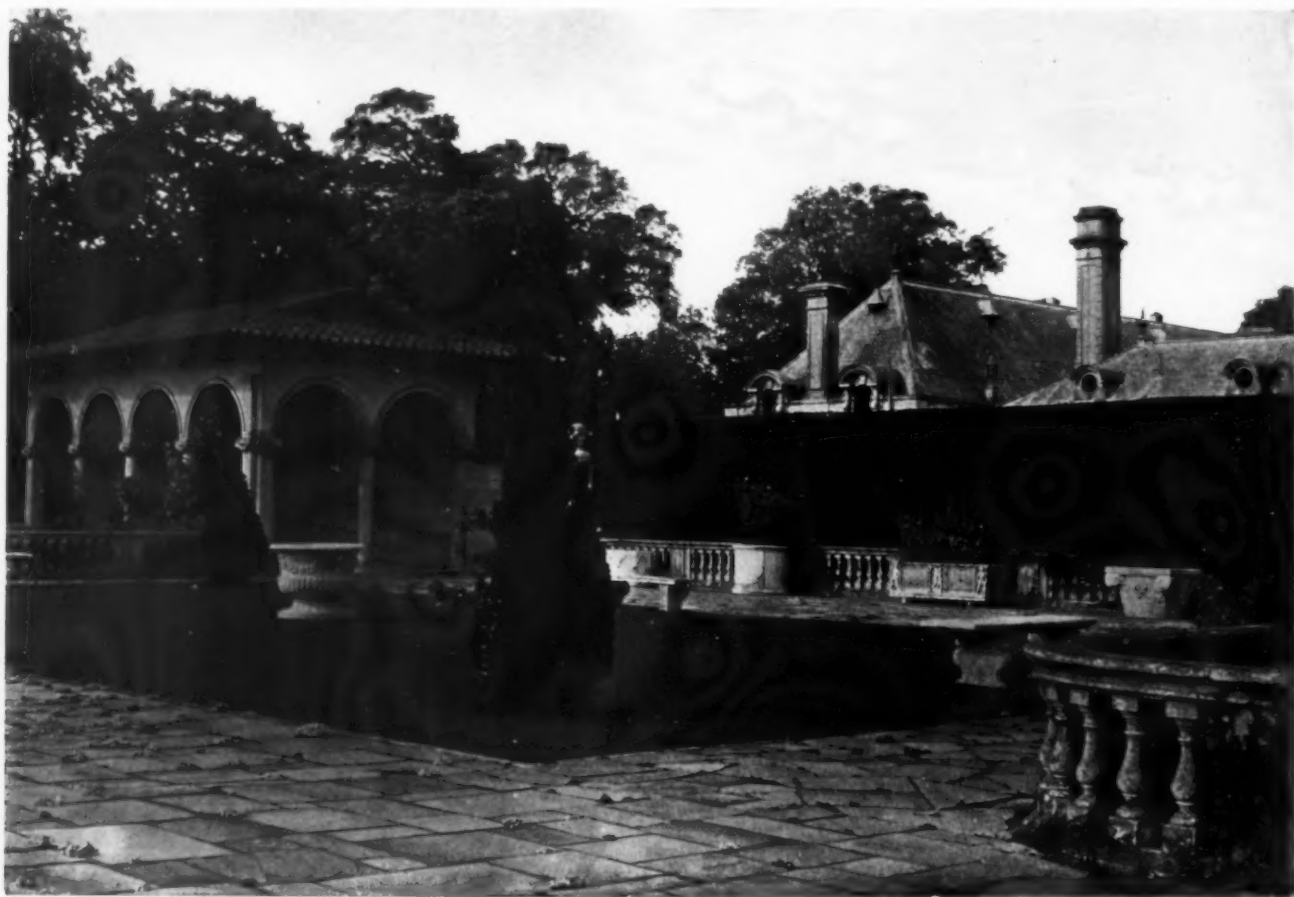
LOOKING TOWARDS THE THAMES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"Masque of Alfred" was performed in 1740 for the first time. Taken as a whole, the masque was not a very astonishing production; but it enshrined "Rule, Britannia!" which Southey said is destined to be the political hymn of this

country as long as she maintains her political power. The music was composed by Dr. Arne.

The year 1795 proved disastrous for Cliveden, for on May 20th it was almost wholly consumed by fire, with the



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GARDEN-HOUSE AND TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

exception, we may well suppose, of the "insanæ substructiones." In 1824 the estate was bought by Sir George Warrender, who rebuilt the house, but no picture seems to have survived to show what he made of it. In 1849 it again changed hands, and became the property of the Duke of Sutherland. Within six months it was again burnt down, but straightway rebuilt in the form in which we see it now, to the designs of Sir Charles Barry. It must be said, however, that the campanile and the stable block, which stand to the right of the entrance forecourt, were not added

and Dunrobin, Cliveden would present itself as a river-side villa, and Evelyn's reference to Frascati is not inappropriate. Sir Charles Barry's executed design is reminiscent of those stately structures, and his accomplished skill is shown by the fine effect of the garden front, where perfection of scale gives extraordinary value to dimensions by no means large. Standing over the great terrace of four hundred feet in length, his palazzo is only one hundred and fifty feet in extent, reduced in the main mass to one hundred feet by sixty-five feet in depth. The many



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TERRACE FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

until 1861. Sir Charles Barry, who died in 1860, was not responsible for them, and they are said to have been designed by Henry Clutton. In the rebuilding of Cliveden after the fire, Sir Charles Barry had to deal with a very complex situation. The old wings, with the quadrant arms reaching out to the main block, had survived, and there was a natural wish to utilise the foundation walls of the main block of the old house. His first design was for an astylar composition, with raised features at the ends, somewhat, we may suppose, on the lines of Harewood House, altered by him in 1842. To the owner, however of Trentham

drawings, mainly by Sir Charles' own hand, exhibit all his refined study of mass and detail. Discarding the breaks and features that appear in the earlier of these schemes, he finally contented himself with an ordonnance of temple-like simplicity—nine bays in the front and five in the return. An Ionic order of about twenty feet in height, comprising two storeys, is crowned by an unbroken entablature, in the frieze of which is a bold inscription (composed by Mr. Gladstone) in Roman lettering. It is not often, in England at any rate, that a client makes so prominent a record as this: "Posita consilio ingenio Caroli Barri."



We may regret that considerations of expense compelled the use of cement. Association of idea makes us infer that, as the plasterer quickly lays on his material and easily alters it, designs in his material are made with a like facility. We do not grant the labour which we know went to the slow achievement of the stonemason. With this architect, however, the most scrupulous attention pervades the entire design. A completed elevation would be discarded to remedy a defective proportion. Every detail is related to the entire mass. The excellent preservation of the cement-work may be due in part to the curious provision of thick slate as weatherings over all cornices and projections. The flat roof was formed by large slabs of the same material in order to afford an easy promenade commanding the magnificent

outlook. The whole of the chimneys are gathered into two great stacks centrally disposed, and between them was an easy staircase of ascent.

A characteristically thoughtful device provides that all the sun-blinds requisite for so exposed a situation are structurally provided for, so that they are drawn up into recesses formed at the back of the architraves, and no disfiguring boxes appear on the façades. The planning is all remarkably ingenious, harmonising domestic needs with the severe classical symmetries of the scheme. It was no easy matter to draw the secondary staircases at either end of the ground-storey pavilions into the main block without unsightly projections. One of the two end pavilions of the garden front contained a very attractive dining-room, lit at the end and along one side, a room whose





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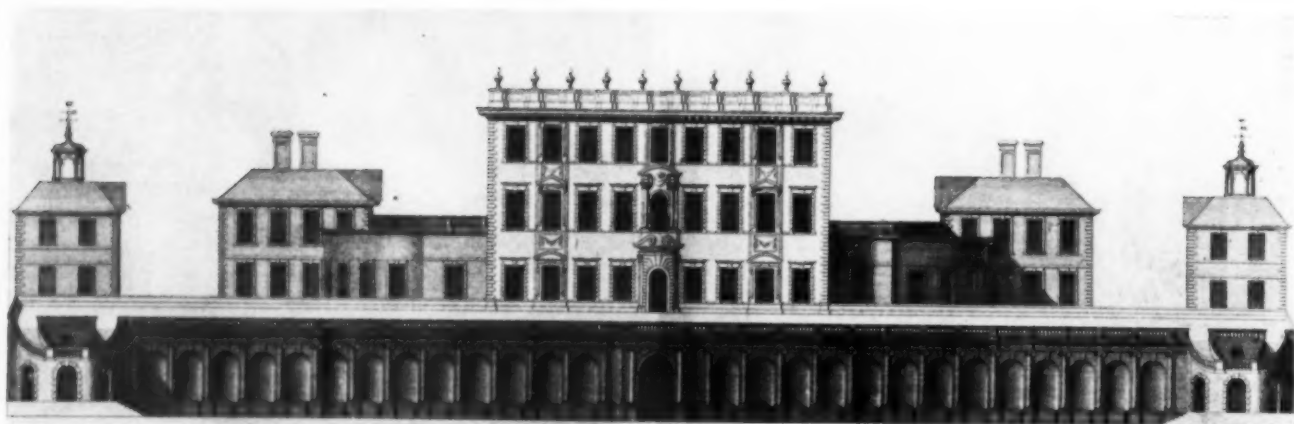
AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

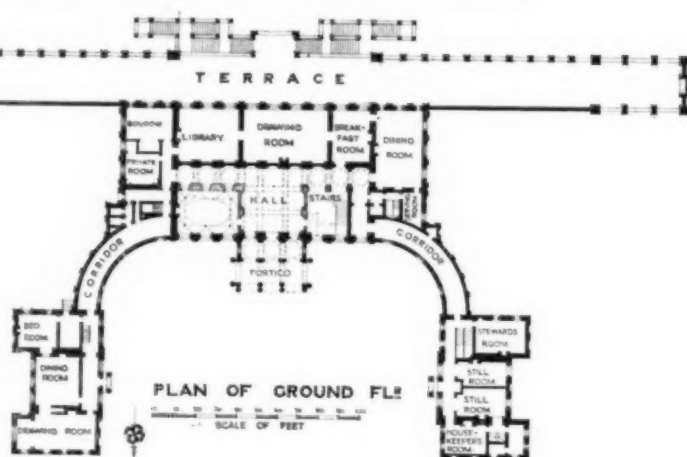
cheerfulness of aspect was immediately appreciated. At the other end were the Duchess' boudoir and the Duke's private rooms, with a secondary garden entrance. The two outlying wings of the original house were replanned to give servants accommodation and a complete private suite for the owner.

Every artist assimilates to some extent the colour of his age. The Victorian rage for principles gave its artists a rigidity of idea which is vexatious to a later age. One cannot but speculate whether Cliveden might not have been more genial, if less severely classical, in a combination of red brick and stone on the lines of the older façade of the great terrace. In some of Barry's studies for the house he has coupled his pilasters at the return angles, but only to discard the idea in favour of the more temple-like regularity of the actual setting out. The total absence of ornament and carving is very remarkable. It is only noticeable on reflection, and this constitutes a triumph of sheer architectural quality. In fact, whatever criticism is advanced, it must be admitted that Cliveden is a remarkable

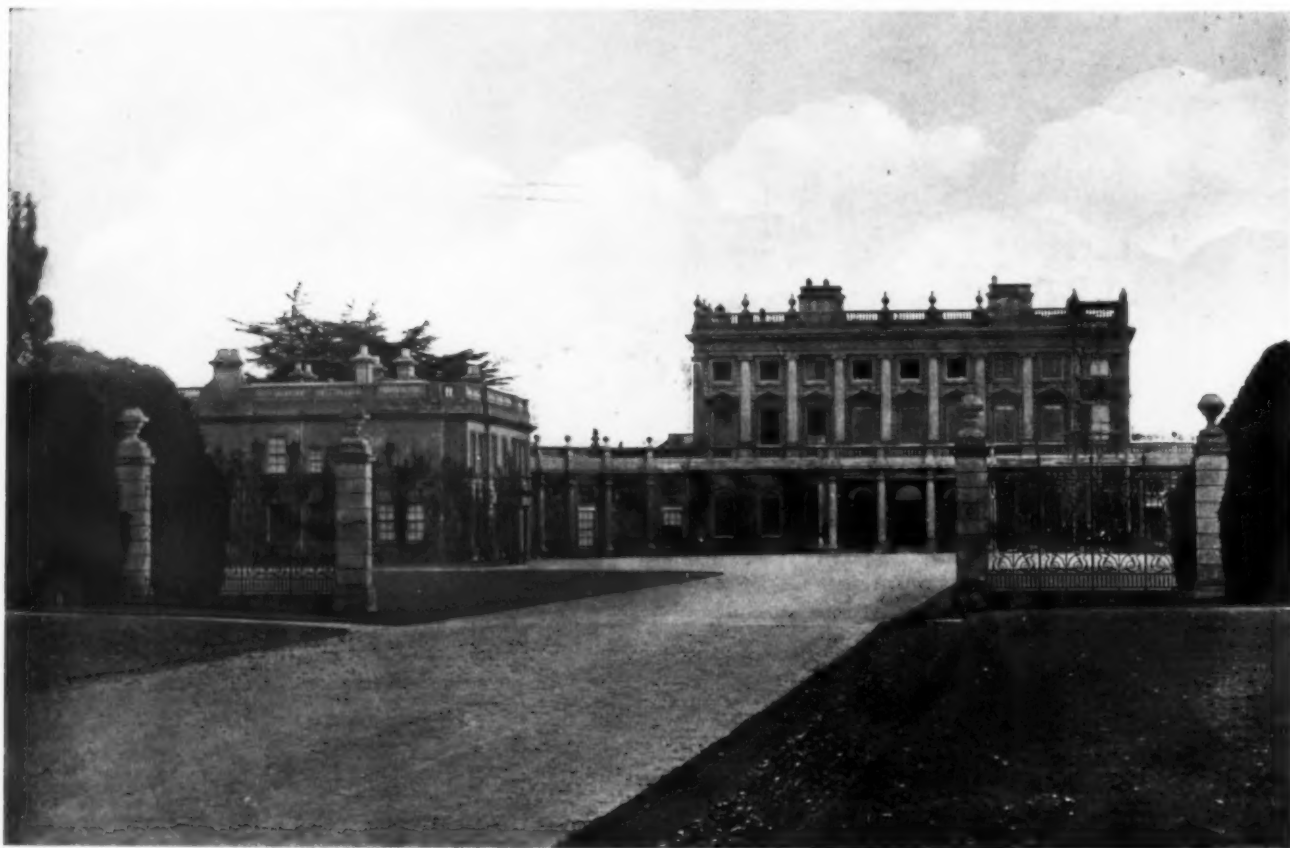
piece of work, bearing as it does the date 1850-51, years which now stand for a very low level of national taste. The terrace pavilion, added after Sir Charles Barry's death, is ascribed, in artistic circles, to Frederick Pepys Cockerell, son of Professor Cockerell, whose enthusiasm for the French school of architecture was well known. Unfortunately, his brief career left us with few but very interesting works. One may fancy this charming pavilion to be a memory of the Mercato at Arezzo. Not many years after the house had been rebuilt for the Duke of Westminster during his time, the private wing on the entrance front was remodelled, inside and out—not at all to its improvement—but all traces of this change have since been swept away outside, and the wing restored practically to the condition in which Barry left it. In 1893 Cliveden was purchased by Mr. William Waldorf Astor, who straightway began making drastic alterations to the interior. Perhaps, however,

CLIVEDEN EARLY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (From "*Vitruvius Britannicus*").

Mr. Astor's most notable achievement in securing historical features for his new home is to be seen in the south garden. Parallel with the terrace front is a superb stone balustrading with a filling of thin bricks between the piers and stone seats at regular intervals. The ends are widened out and treated as fountains. This is the original work which for a long time decorated the gardens of the Borghese Villa at Rome. The carving of the stonework is admirably done, and represents the rich Italian work of the seventeenth century at its best. It is at once rich and refined, showing a brilliant fancy as yet unspoilt by rococo extravagances. The masks spouting freshness into the curved basins, the mouldings of the top of the parapet, and the reliefs on the end pedestals are alike worthy of the superb gardens for which they were conceived. Recent pictures of that great garden still show the balustrades, but they are copies. It should be added that the statues which stand on the piers at Cliveden are not the original figures which decorated them at the Borghese Palace. Cliveden was given by Mr. W. W. Astor to his son, Mr. Waldorf Astor, on the marriage of the latter in 1906.



Further illustrations of the interior of the house and of its fine pictures will be given next week.  
L. W





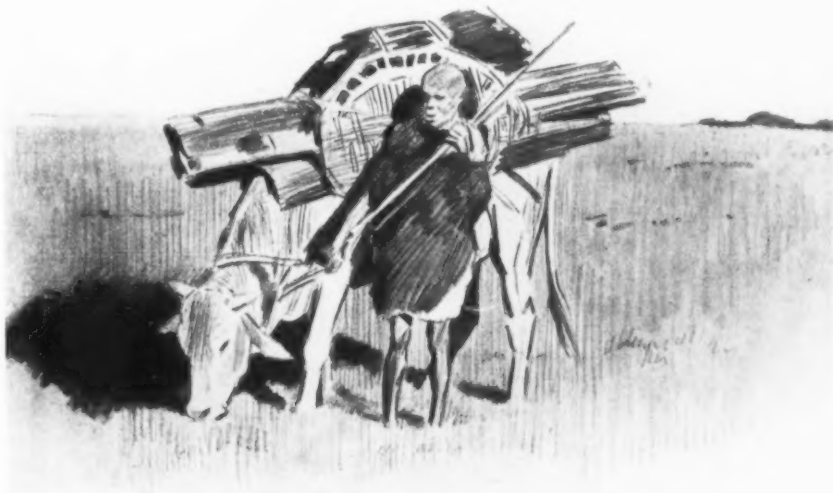
# NOTES ON SPORT IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL EDWARDS, A.R.C.A., FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. PAUL RAINEY.

**B**RITISH EAST AFRICA is the modern Paradise of sportsmen. India, so far as big game is concerned, is pretty well worked out, save in a few districts strictly preserved by various native potentates. America has long been shot out, thanks to indifferent game laws. The shooting of Europe is fairly good, but difficult for the ordinary sportsman to get at—even Spain, least known and perhaps best of all sporting countries in Europe, has now been discovered both by its own aristocracy and the wealthy men of other countries, and its numerous varieties of game are at last strictly preserved. The wealthy globe-trotter in search of sport has therefore to turn his attention to Africa. In South Africa big-game-shooting has practically ceased to exist; but British East Africa, largely owing to the continual representations of sportsmen and naturalists, has been strictly preserved as a last sanctuary for the rapidly decreasing big game; and the Government, having taken the matter up, have done it very thoroughly. I believe there are only two white rangers, and comparatively few native gamekeepers, over the vast preserve; but thanks to an excellent law which forbids the native to carry firearms, and also to the fact that every native head-man employed on Safari

away. Thanks to the mysterious way in which news travels among natives, the fact will have leaked out long before he returns to civilisation, and he will find a polite police officer awaiting him with a summons.

There is a summons awaiting a certain wealthy English sportsman at this moment, but I do not fancy he will visit British East Africa again, as it would cost him a pretty penny. Mr. Roosevelt greatly endeared himself to the sportsmen in the Colony, and of all the world, by not availing himself of a *carte blanche* to shoot in the preserves. Not so was it, apparently, with an English Cabinet Minister, who, it is said, availed himself to the fullest of that permit. To return to game licences. No licence is required to kill lion or leopard, both of which are



QUARTER DAY IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.  
*Native with his household possessions on a bullock's back.*

is practically a Government spy, no poaching worthy of the name exists. Licences have to be taken out for the killing of game, the number and sex of which

classed as vermin—and rightly so, in a land that will become a great farming country, and lions don't exactly help a stock farmer!

The lion is killed by fair means and foul, and in a previous article I illustrated how they are hunted in these days with foxhounds, perhaps the most sporting of methods. The native of India has ever been the prey of man-eating tigers, and whole districts in past history have been made uninhabitable by these pests. Not so in Africa. The warlike tribes of that country, though man-eating lions are by no means uncommon (as readers of "The Man-eaters of Tsavo" are aware), have never tolerated them to the extent of allowing them to become a pest, and the Zulu and Matabele races in South Africa, and the natives of



A SIGN OF PEACE.  
*Spearhead covered with a ball of feathers.*

must be strictly adhered to. As an example of price I quote an old game list:

Amount.	Variety.	Number allowed killed.
£ s. d.		
16 13 4 ..	Bull Elephant ..	1
	(Giraffe (bull only) ..	1
5 0 0 ..	Rhino ..	1
	Eland (bull only) ..	1
	Zebra ..	2
2 2 0 ..	Wildebeest ..	2
	Waterbuck ..	2

Woe-betide the multi-millionaire who dares to kill one over his allotted amount, or of the wrong sex, for his "boys" will give him



NATIVE GUN-BEARER INTERVIEWING A PRIMITIVE TRIBESMAN.  
*(Note difference in dress.)*



ZEBRAS DRINKING AT A WATER-HOLE IN THE GREAT NORTHERN DESERT.

Nandi, Somaliland and elsewhere on the eastern side of Africa, have held combined attacks on these animals. The primitive man, with primitive weapons, in attacking such an animal as the lion runs fearful risks; yet the natives fearlessly attack the beast on foot with spears, depending on their numbers to

overcome him. The courage of a cinematograph operator, covered by men with rifles, taking films of a charging lion, pales into insignificance when compared with that of the man who, even when backed by numbers, attacks with the spear only, and on foot. Mr. Roosevelt in his book gives a description



HUNTING THE ZEBRA.



BUCKED OFF INTO THE PATH OF A CHARGING RHINO.



of the combat. Mr. Paul Rainey tried to get snap-shots and cinema films of such a fight, but was not very successful owing to the fact of the fighting, stabbing, cursing crowd around the lion invariably excluding it from the camera. In his next expedition, however, Mr. Rainey is going to try a portable stand, from which the cinematograph operator will be able to look down on the fray and thus get a good view of the fight, *including the lion!*

A *propos* of photographs, it may be amusing to mention one of the pictures which Mr. Rainey includes in his lectures. Having worked his audience up to a pitch of enthusiasm by showing photographs of wild elephants drinking, zebras, antelopes, etc., in their native haunts, lions at bay or charging, he seizes the moment to display a "faked" photograph (see illustration, "The Camera never Lies"). The lecturer addresses his audience in words to this effect: "I will now show you the most marvellous photograph of all—namely, a lassoed rhinoceros. When you come to think about it, it borders on the miraculous that, mounted on a small cow-pony, I should be able to hold a giant animal such as the rhino!" (Great applause.) "I can, however, explain this marvel to the satisfaction of the doubters. The rhino depicted is dead, and I put the lasso on it after its decease!" I ought to add that, in actual fact, Mr. Rainey is (as might be expected of one owning, and brought up on, a Western stock ranch) an expert with the lasso, and among other animals he succeeded in lassoing a bush zebra (see illustration), which died, however, after a day



"THE CAMERA NEVER LIES" (see text).

or so of captivity. The members of another cinematograph expedition among big game did, I believe, actually lasso a rhino, with disastrous results to many, many "ropes," but I am told they wore the animal out in time, and actually tied him in the end to a tree with the remnants of these ropes.

The rhino is an animal with an undeserved bad name. Individuals vary, of course, in disposition, and no rule can be laid down as to their behaviour on the sight or scent of man. Stupid by nature and seeing badly, but with a wonderful nose, they become easily flurried and are extremely apt to charge from stupidity, not vice. The charge, as a rule, is an endeavour to avoid an encounter, not meet one. For example, a rhino is awakened by the rhinoceros birds, or by a subtle taint in



A NATIVE LION HUNT.

the wind. He gets up and trots off—to meet again the scent of the long winding caravan. Off he goes again, only to meet the same scent once more. Coming to the conclusion that he is surrounded, he thinks he had better burst his way through his enemies; hence his vicious charge at some point on the line of travelling men. This, at least, is an explanation which seems feasible. Owing to his extraordinary gyrations when alarmed, and his shrill snorts, the rhino is a most alarming animal to encounter. The brutes often charge caravans, but providing the men have time and room to get out of the way, accidents do not as a rule happen. This brings me to my illustration of the novice in the path of the charging rhino, an incident which happened to Mr. Greswolde Williams' party when riding through

the bush, discussing not only "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," but the habits of big game. A novice, keen but inexperienced, was asking what they should do if they were charged up the game path by a rhino. The reply was, "Get off your mule d—d quick and get into the bush." A few minutes after, by a curious coincidence, the mules and ponies became uneasy, and suddenly the shrill whistle of a rhino was heard. The novice, not quite so quick off his mule as the others, was helped off by that animal's frantic kicks and left sitting in the path of the "locomotive gone mad," as a charging rhino has so aptly been termed. Fortunately, however, he crawled into the bush just in time, and the rhino charged past up the game path and was not seen again.

## A TALE OF THE PAST.

A MEMORY OF GREY OF DILSTON.

Does he ride to the front as he used? Does he still retain that verve  
That made his name so famed for brilliant dash and nerve?  
Is he still as keen as of yore to be the first at a fence,  
Or have increasing years brought caution as well as sense?

A few must yet be there who knew him long before  
Say twenty years ago—or even perhaps still more—  
What, forty! Oh, come! And yet the years fly so quickly past  
You may be right indeed, but Forty! They have gone fast!

Is it really all that time since the lad came to the front,  
And held his own with the best of the then crack men of the Hunt?  
Can forty years have passed since we had that famous Run?  
You know the tale, no doubt, and how he proved number one.

Well! I'll tell the tale once more—for it was a famous day.  
The lad I remember still was riding a well-bred grey.  
A day of days indeed, for there was a splendid scent,  
But close behind the hounds rode the lad wherever they went.

We raced three foxes to death and then at half-past two  
We drew again once more though there'd been enough to do.  
A fox went away in a trice and the Run of the day began.  
I doubt if a better since was ridden by any man.

It was but those on the spot, and they were only a few,  
Who saw the Run at all, for the hounds I may say flew.  
The Huntsman was there, of course—he seldom was left behind—  
And the Whip who had viewed the fox, which was off before they could "find."

The fox set his head for the hills, whose tops were sprinkled with snow,  
And we settled ourselves to ride as hard as the nags could go.  
The under-bred ones ere long had fully more than enough,  
For never a check occurred and the country indeed was rough.

When the foot of the hills was reached but seven were left with the pack,  
While as we climbed the ascent we had a chance to look back,  
And every here and there we saw a dismounted throng,  
For the ditches were wide and deep, and the hedges were thick and strong.

But fast as the hounds had run and stiff as had been the line,  
The lad by his riding had shown a star was beginning to shine.  
When we reached the top of the hill the hounds were scarcely in sight,  
And three of us had to stop on account of the horses' plight.

But four of us then remained, and the lad, well served by his weight,  
Drew away from the other three, and to give him his due he went straight.  
Little as we might like it we had to follow his lead,  
For none of us had any chance to cope with his mare for speed.

And we followed along in his wake till the hounds swung round some rocks,  
When they broke from scent to view and it seemed all up with the fox.  
We thought it must be caught—but we reckoned without our host!  
There's many a well-earned Race which is lost upon the Post.

We saw the hounds were gaining! we watched it jump a wall  
With the leaders at its brush—but it beat us after all!  
We hustled along to the dell expecting a kill, but we found  
Instead that he'd reached the earth and was safely underground.

Well! it was a gallant fox, and I for one was glad,  
While the hero of the day we felt was the little lad.  
And you say he rides hard still—let us toast him once again.  
Though for age to vie with youth in active sport is vain!

R. F. MEYSEY-THOMPSON.



Copyright

CHOOSING THE LINE OF DESCENT

Will Cadby



## SKI-ING PROSPECTS IN SWITZERLAND

THE news published in a last week's paper that the snowfall in Switzerland during early November has been continued up to the moment of writing is welcome to those who have taken up winter sports in Switzerland. For it is now that the fortunate are overhauling their ski kit in preparation for their departure; indeed, the thrice blessed are already spending their days in the clear air on the dazzling snow-fields baked in the sun, or glorying still more in the last long run home through the clear, green twilight after the glow has faded from the Finsteraarhorn, Wetterhorn, Wildstrubel or the Massif of Mont Blanc, as the case may be.

Prospects were never better; the first heavy fall of snow took place on October 21st, a fairly early date, for the fields are often open until November; and, as we recorded at the time, last month there were other heavy falls over nearly all Switzerland



G. R. Ballance.

ON THE ICE TRACK.

Copyright.

from Basle to Lausanne; indeed, so great was the snowfall, even on low-lying ground, that the trains running *via* Pontarlier were delayed, a most unusual circumstance among the low hills of Vaud. The season promises to be every bit as good as 1910-11, when perfect day followed perfect day, and the ski whirled through the snow on the long slopes which make Switzerland a paradise for those who love the greatest sport in the world.

This year only one new winter sports centre has been opened, Spina-

bad, in the Lower Davos Valley; but the older resorts have done much to increase their attractions. From the skier's point of view the palm goes to Gstaad, where a ski-jöring track of a mile and a-quarter has been constructed. It is oval in form, so that there will be no difficulty with regard to passing, or from traffic in the other direction, the bane of the inexpert ski-jörer. For those who have not tried the sport,



G. R. Ballance.

A TELEMARCK AFTER A FAST RUN.

Copyright.

ski-jöring is a new sensation; one has to manage one's horse as well as one's ski, and though the average Swiss nag can scarcely compete with an English thorough-bred, there is excitement enough, for most people, in traversing a rather narrow Swiss road, with the snow beaten hard, at a fast trot, harnessed up to one's horse by traces from one's belt, and without other means of support (save the average, hard mouth of the Swiss screw).

## HERON v TROUT.

[From Mr. Burn Murdoch, who has been good enough to make enquiries in Scotland, we have received the following letter and enclosures.]

### A SHILLING A MOUTHFUL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On receipt of your note asking my opinion on the subject of preservation of herons I sent round the fiery cross, and men took up arms or pens for and against the heron promptly. Now I have more letters than your paper could contain with the advertisements left out. I send three of these letters. I agree with what the Howietoun people say and with Mr. Speedy. But read the letter of Mr. Harvie Brown and you cannot but feel it is perfectly reasoned and the heron a fox in wolf's clothing. There are such enormous numbers of herons up and down our West Highlands, where they do not do (me) any harm, that there seems to be no fear of them being exterminated, even if a few honest trout breeders, like the writer, shoot those that come to dine on the trout he preserves for his particular friends. They come fifteen miles to eat my trout—one shilling per mouthful it costs me at least; i.e., a "two year old" trout's market value is one shilling. I cannot buy them for less. Sporting value of, say, a two-pounder is hard to estimate, but a heron will kill them that size with pleasure, I believe. I should think the value of a heron's one good night's fishing must be about one pound sterling. So in my part of the country we try to preserve herons in glass cases.—W. G. BURN MURDOCH.

### BLESSING INSTEAD OF BANNING.

Mr. Harvie Brown, the well-known naturalist, writes: Your tender enquiries after "The Great Shashooga" are before me. I am afraid you have gone to the wrong shop to ask for "damnatory facts" regarding the heron. Notwithstanding his admirably selected grey suit of dittos, seeming, to the little trouts, as a grey ghost "sitting 'gainst the ashen sky"; notwithstanding his excellent long waders, requisitioned for entering upon the shallows, when trout and eels delight to bask beneath the sun-shafts or under the ripples of the pendant willows; notwithstanding his long, sharp-pointed eel-spear and spirally unfolded corkscrew shaft of his dusty-miller neck; notwithstanding his piercing eyes, calculated for the quick penetration of say about at most fifteen or eighteen inches of water to the pebbly or agate-bottomed channel decked in many vivid colours like the R.G.D.V.B. and of the rainbow. Notwithstanding all these and the marvellous adaptation of the tools nature has supplied him with to enable him to earn a "living wage." Notwithstanding all these "damnatory?" superficial evidences, I have little hesitation in affirming, and that emphatically, shashooga the heron—*Ardea cinerea*, to wit—is far more a friend to little trout than a destroying leister-wearing ruffian. I have studied the heron I may say all my days of endeavour, and have even watched him on the shallows for hours together, and that not once or twice, but daily. Without going to hunt up my notes and journals which have been kept by me regularly and without fail every year of my life since about 1860! I can lay before you a few facts and observations, not what you ask for—damnatory facts—but facts all in praise and in justification of the life God gave him.

At such places as Howietoun and shallow fish-ponds herons may occasionally be a little troublesome, but surely that is but a small part—the blame of any damage done to trout or salmon fry or young fish resting with the man in charge. If it be necessary, in order to rear fish, to expose them to any bird's eye from high in air above these shallower ponds, it is hard to blame the birds for man's own carelessness.

In a natural rippling, trotting shallow stream or oily glide above the pool before the surface breaks I have seen—scores of times—a solitary angling heron, steady, with high-poised leister and still higher hopes, stand immovably as an alabaster image knee-deep in the current. I timed him by the clock on the mantel—just one hour and twenty minutes—I am writing from memory. At the end of that time suddenly he made a rush, but though his leister flashed right and left, he left disconsolate and shifted ground a short distance and resumed his solemn contemplation. At last he succeeded in capturing what all along he searched for—a little eel about eight inches or nine inches long, as it wriggled over the shallow! This he devoured upon the bank and then left, returning to the heronry down the river, which holds about twenty nests in tall, thick, close-growing spruce trees, immediately opposite Laithers House on the Deveron. Always about May 10th to May 14th we have the run of elvers from the sea—I have often seen them travelling—so, no doubt, have you. Simultaneously, i.e., about May 10th to May 14th, on Deveron we have the descent of "finnock" to the tidal water—smashing about in great shoals at natural fly, say Laithers Iron blue dun—and a perfect nuisance to the trout-fisher for a day or two. At the same time, when I, heron-like, have waded into the pebbly glide before the stream breaks and rushes into the "Upper Heron Pool," I have had a shoal of ten or fifteen salmon kelts tumbling down over the shallow and knocking up against my legs. I hooked one one day with a small trout fly—about nine pounds I take it—and played him out. His mouth was held tight by the hook and gut, and when opened I found it full of elvers! Do salmon "feed" in fresh water? Well, provision of Nature at least provides ascent of elvers and descent of "finnocks" at same time (mid-May on East Coast rivers and June-July on Grunard and West Coast streams). In about a fortnight after the run of elvers is over, if one wades in over an extensive sandy flat which forms the long and wide tailing of a certain big salmon pool on the Netherdale Water near Drachlaw, and fishes up for trout, he will disturb at every step many young silver eels about seven inches to nine inches or ten inches long. These represent the growth the elvers have undergone in their short lives after coming up from the sea. They are already partly prepared and equipped with Nature's tools to earn their living wage! In a few weeks more

they are more formidable than many herons, and a hundred times more destructive to trout and young salmon. And by spawning time of the Salmonidae these big, full-grown eels are the wolves of the shallows, as the pike is the lion-in-wait in the depths or in the still reaches! The eel in the grilse or silver stage is the favourite food of the heron. And it is rare to see a heron standing on the shallows of the Upper Heron Pool, or in the tailing of the pool above Drachlaw, at any other time of the season except that of the ascent of the elvers and the growth from elver to, say, six-inch to nine-inch eels! Once I shot a heron here for sake of a specimen. That was in the month of March—a fine old black-necked bird. I carried him in one hand—head and heels. I handed him over to my gatekeeper (Mrs. Reid) to send down to the house first opportunity. When handing it over to her, I let the head fall. Lo! from the mouth dropped a large water-vole, quite five inches long! "Ugh—the dirty brute!" shrieked Mrs. R., and she would not touch it except with the tongs, and it had to be hung up to dry outside—she would scarcely even allow it in her sight. [N.B.—I say bank and water voles or water rats are more destructive to river and pond embankments than any amount of herons are to trout—ova, fry, parr or silver smolt. A heron has a quick eye, no doubt, and is partly concealed from view by his ashy colour against an ashy sky, but a trout's eye is also a quick eye and is so far protected from Mr. Heron also by his colours blending with the pebbly bottom seen through the shimmer of moving water! But an eel, black and distinctly to be seen by heron or gull from above, and as patent a food intended for use by all alike, by an all-wise Maker. Simultaneously with the advent and growth of the May elvers; simultaneously with the first attentions paid to them by herons, come the herring-gulls on Deveron, and the reach of four hundred yards of ripping shallows above the heron pool is quartered back and front over and over again by the same two or three or more gulls, and every now and then drop goes one or the other and, flying out on to the meadow-bank, proceeds to kill, mandibulate and swallow little eels much as an Italian feeds on macaroni!]

No, no, no! Do not ask me to supply you with damnatory facts regarding my respected friend—the heron. Rather let me ask you to think twice before preaching once, lest an injustice be done. Protect the shallows of a fish-pond against attacks of bright-eyed birds like gulls from above. Forgive the daily wage of the heron mostly earned by killing eels—his daily wage a few, very few indeed, of pond-frequenting parrs or smolts or troutlets! I am convinced from personal, repeated and life-long observations, the heron is not such an enemy or unredeemed scoundrel as has often been superficially stated he is by fish enthusiasts and quasi-naturalists; and, indeed, I am also convinced eels are his favourite savoury, and in the months of May and June and July he does an immense amount of real good, just as the dipper does, destroying these Samson water-beetles on the spawning-beds in spring or winter (*Dysticus*?), and gets blamed by ignorance for consuming salmon and trout ova because someone once found one ovum inside one dipper's gullet and thus the whole race got condemned for many years. John Gould, the famous ornithologist, dissected many of those which were killed at that time—1871—in Assynt, and I also did the same. I met John Gould at Inchmadamph and, in consequence, the rewards were withdrawn and added to those given for hoodie crows! The gape and gizzards were almost invariably filled with elytra of water-beetles and fresh water crustacea! If you desire to publish these notes you may do so—my "defence not defence."—J. A. HARVIE BROWN.

### MR. SPEEDY'S VIEW.

[Mr. Speedy is a well-known writer on natural history and estate and shooting agent, Edinburgh.]

SIR,—My nephew has handed me your card regarding the heron. I reared a tame one some years ago, and he could swallow half a dozen herrings or whittings at once. He ate rats, mice, frogs, and it was surprising the number of starlings and sparrows he caught and swallowed. A dish was put out with food for poultry, on which the small birds regaled themselves. The heron used to stand beside the dish with his long neck hidden between his shoulders, as it were, the very embodiment of innocence, and woe betide the unfortunate bird that settled within his reach. I often picked up his castings, which consisted chiefly of the feathers, feet, bones and beaks of starlings. In a corn chest our carter caught numbers of mice, and it was amusing to see the bird waiting for him to go into the stable in the morning. I have never seen more than four young ones in a nest. Some of them breed twice in a season. A lady artist, Miss Dixon, Craigmillar Park, made some sketches of him, and, I am not sure, but some photographs as well. I shall find out and let you know. I cannot say how far they will fly to their feeding ground. Some frequent Duddingston Loch every night. They stay all the year in Orkney, though there are no trees. Very pleased if I can be of any assistance to you.—TOM SPEEDY.

### HERONS AT BREEDING POND.

The following view is that of a fisheries official where the water is very fully stocked:

SIR,—We beg to acknowledge receipt of yours of the 22nd inst., and in reply can only give you some facts and experiences connected with herons. There is no doubt that they are terribly destructive. If left unchecked they and the gulls would soon clear the ponds of fish. We are not sure which of these birds is the worst depredator. Herons take larger fish, but the gulls are hard to beat for the number of fish they will eat in a day. Herons seem to have a keen scent for fish, as they often make their appearance suddenly when fish are being netted and counted at the pond side. We have seen a heron vomit up eight to ten two year olds averaging over six inches, newly killed; and as their digestion is very rapid there may have been a good many more fish partly digested in their stomachs. The herons will come at least five or six miles from the heronry to the fishery here, and we believe they do so still, but some of them have shifted their nesting places and are now building their nests in the woods on the estate here, so that they can be nearer their larder and not have so far to carry fish to feed their young. We have never found eels in the heron's stomach, but possibly eels are not so plentiful here as in some waters. We believe there is such a thing as trout missing a year's spawning, but as some trout occasionally spawn quite out of the ordinary spawning season we do not care to dogmatise on the point. We have frequently had trout bred and reared just in the ordinary way that remain barren year after year, and never spawn.—HOWIETOUN FISHERY.



## LESSER COUNTRY HOUSE GARDENS.

BY ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

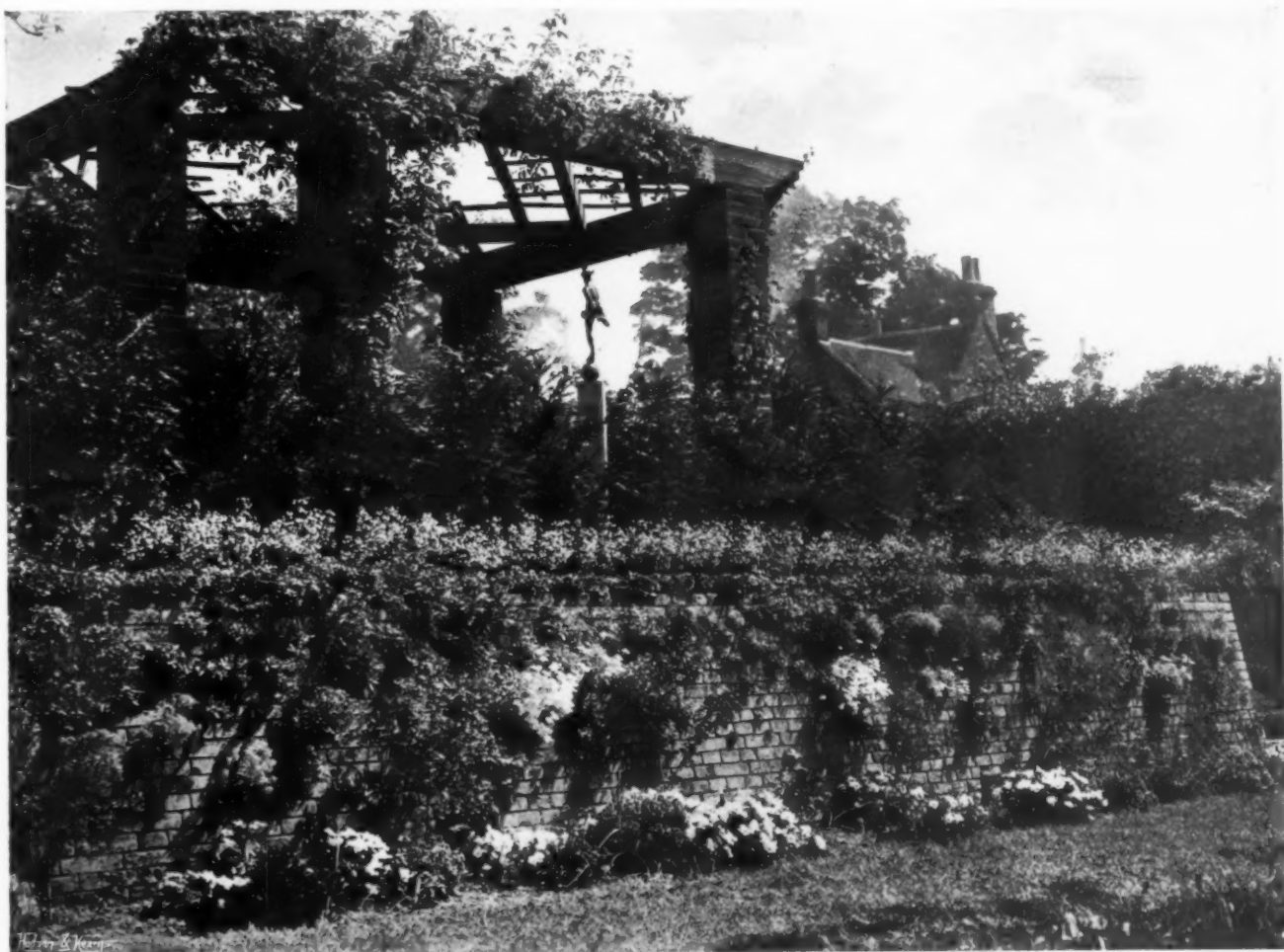
"Gardens for Small Country Houses,"  
by Gertrude Jekyll and Lawrence  
Weaver. (Country Life Library).

**T**HIS handsome volume is not only a notable addition to the COUNTRY LIFE Library, but also marks the revolution of ideas in gardening which has been in progress since the first appearance of "The Formal Garden," by Mr. Reginald Blomfield and Mr. Inigo Thomas. The book is a record of work accomplished, and not a mere essay in ideal designing that may never come to fruition. Like Mr. Weaver's "Small Country Houses of To-day" (to which it is a companion volume), it shows by photographs of the work of architects and garden-designers the accomplished efforts of the present day. Some charming ideal designs are included, largely from the delightful pencil drawings of Mr. C. E. Mallows and Mr. Inigo Triggs, but in the main the book is replete with plans and photographs of gardens in being. From it our readers will see how far we have travelled from the house set astray on a rolling lawn, approached by serpentine paths and diversified by clumps of specimen shrubs and conifer trees gathered from all quarters of the globe. The Victorian Paradise, with its laurelled demi-lune approach drive, shapeless grass lawn set with araucarias and tart-shaped flower-beds, is at last dead. The right of the architect to control the setting of his work is now conceded. It is common ground that the small garden in



THE USE OF AUTUMN-BLOOMING SHRUBS.

particular demands a simple lay-out. The strong common-sense that has controlled the cottager's garden, with innate conservatism preserving the traditional ideas, has prevailed against the misleading naturalistic analogies of the landscape gardener.



THE PLANTING OF BRICK DRY-WALLING.





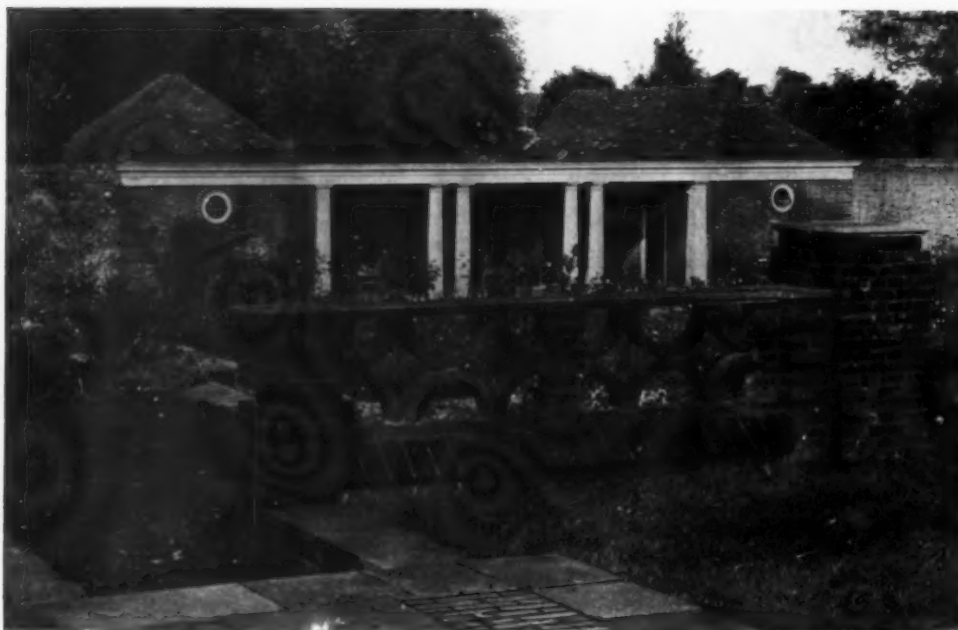
RELATION OF STEPS AND POOL.

The reader will rise from a perusal of the book before us with a fresh interest in the subject. The very practical information given on such subjects as the way to construct rock gardens, the right and wrong use of such garden adjuncts as pergolas, stairways, pools, etc., will equip him in his struggle with the most obstinate survivor of the race of ancient gardeners. There is,

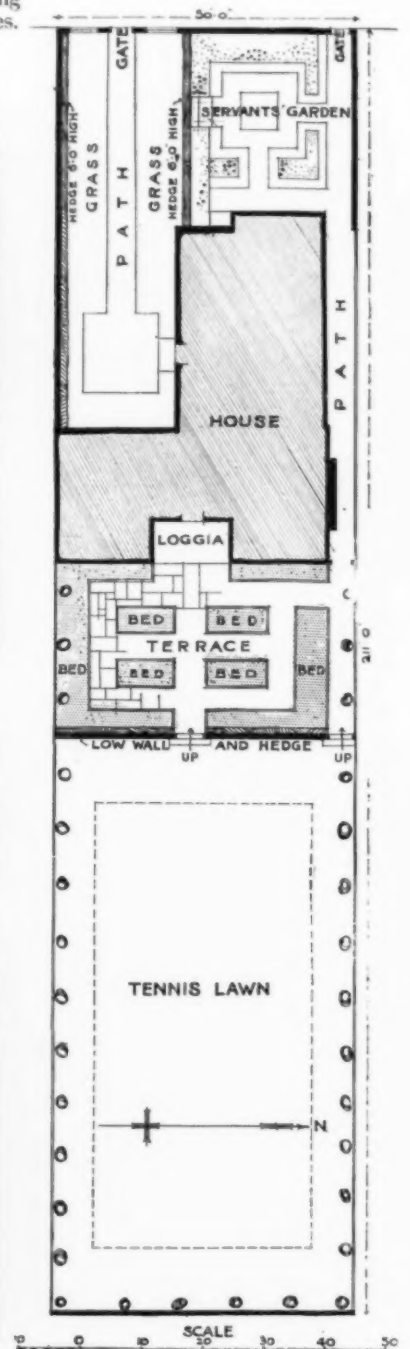
as in most things, a right and wrong way in the use of a book of this kind. If it is to be something better than a scourge to the enthusiastic architect who has to consider house and garden as a whole, the reader who is building will be well advised to eliminate the idea of using it as a set of fashion plates.



A SHAPED POOL.



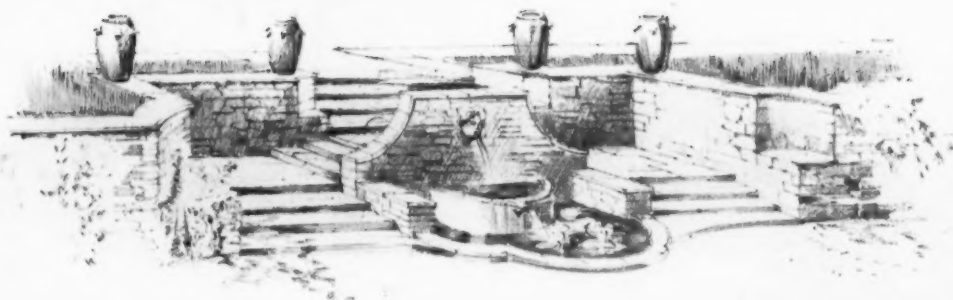
PARAPET AND GARDEN HOUSE.



PLAN FOR A NARROW PLOT.

If he says to his designer of any feature illustrated, "Cannot you invent for me something equally notable?" he is likely to get better results than from the bald wish, "I want something exactly like that." It is more valuable that the book should provide a stimulus than that it should stereotype particular forms. The scope of the book is wide enough to include a very pleasant town garden in Chelsea, which shows the great charm of a simple architectural lay-out applied to what is generally a desert waste. The simple forecourt garden of Bridgewater House towards the Green Park has stood for half a century as an instance of how breadth of effect contributes to the setting of good architecture. It is a strange misreading that associates Italian gardening with a wild use of sculpture and balustrading. The real principles of garden lay-out are common to all good periods and countries, and the Moors in Spain illustrated the charm and capacities of the open and enclosed garden in relation to architecture.

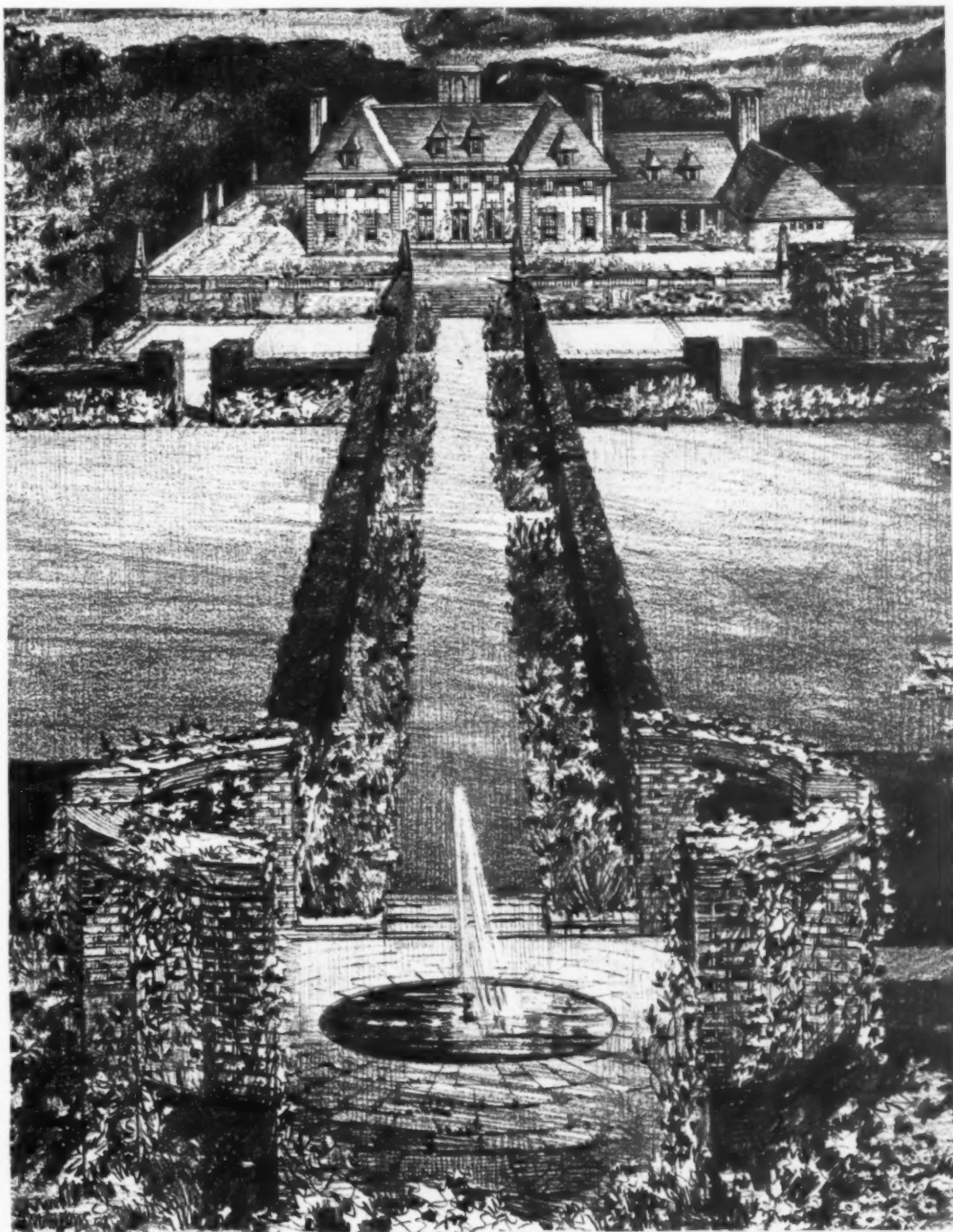
In England natural facts of climate provide us with unrivalled grass lawns, glorious flowers and a wealth of foliage that other lands sigh for in vain. Denied to us, however, are the extended use of fountains and water effects that must always come first in sunburnt and thirsty lands. Those who have passed the summer's days in Italian gardens can never forget the music of rushing waters like those of the Villa Lante, or the gardens of Tivoli. The true line of development in English gardens, whether large or small, must lie in the right display of our own resources, and in laying the stress on those unique features which constitute the abiding charm of England. Water is one of the elements which may find a just use in the garden of a small country house, and the long series of examples in this book will help to a right understanding of its possibilities. If we are denied the orange groves of Monreale and the olive trees of Tuscany, are not the Kentish orchards and hop gardens an adequate equivalent? It is saddening to see the destruction of the natural qualities of a fine site by the importation, often at vast expense, of features and material quite alien to the *locale*. Must a pergola always



A DESIGN BY H. INIGO TRIGGS.

take the place of the native pleached way, and is it essential to anticipate in all cases the pavement provided for the hereafter of the bad gardener?

This useful book will miss its mark if the study of the admirable illustrations does not induce its readers to do some hard thinking on these and cognate subjects. Popular fallacies on

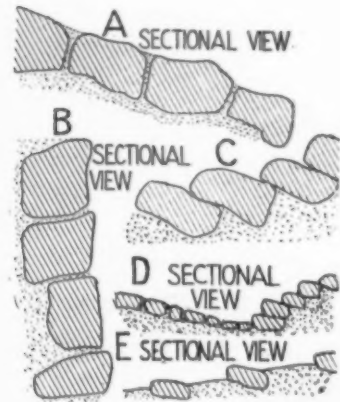


GARDEN SCHEME BY C. E. MALLOWS.



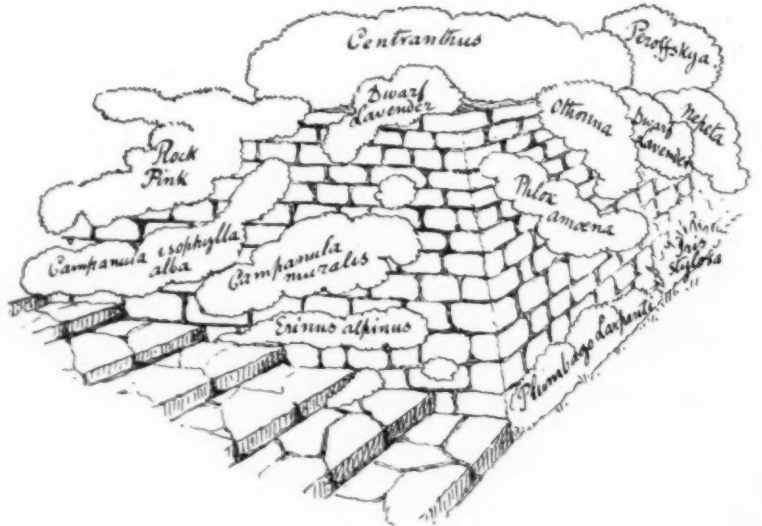
ivy and creepers are here faithfully exposed, and in time we may hope that a house will no longer be looked upon as a handy clothes-horse for wet foliage. It has been said that the Dutch sense of order and right house-keeping banishes the creeper in Holland, and it certainly should be an exceptionally beautiful growth that is to be permitted to obscure and annul the lines of fine architecture. The reader must not imagine the book is solely concerned with

small gardens. On the contrary, the principles and the practice inculcated and illustrated are of equal application in the largest. The chapter on Garden-Houses in particular shows how these pleasant places of resort may be successfully designed and placed with due regard to their surroundings. Vases and statues, entrance gates and piers must in the nature of things best be exemplified in gardens of wider scope, and such



FORMATIONS FOR ROCK GARDEN.

examples have been freely drawn upon. A word must be also said as to the unique character of Miss Jekyll's planting plans, which indicate the different flowers to be



A PLANTING PLAN BY MISS JEKYLL.

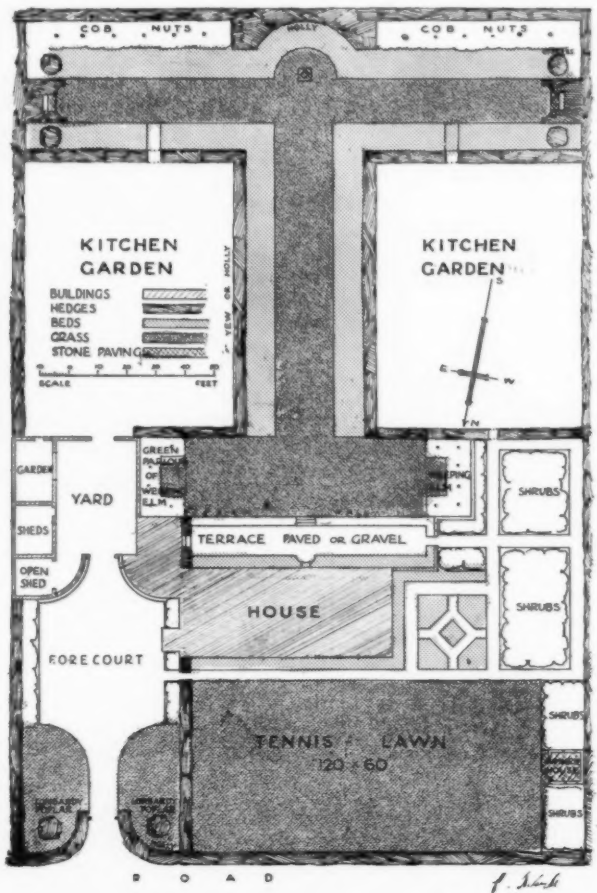
massed in the borders to produce distinctive grouping and colour effects. Her plea is for the simple main idea logically carried out. One thing at a time, and that well done, is her suggested golden rule for the garden-designer. Mr. Lawrence Weaver writes with animation and a wonderfully sustained interest both on the general principles which should govern the lay-out and on the accessories of the garden. His criticisms of the many gardens he has visited are marked by a sympathy which blunts the edge of comments not



A SIMPLE GARDEN GATE.



SUMMER-HOUSE IN WALLED GARDEN.



PLAN (REDUCED) FOR GARDEN COVERING AN ACRE AND A-HALF.

devoid of shrewdness. The owners and designers of gardens will alike welcome the courage and honesty of the authors in dealing with their material. Other books there are which deal with this and that aspect of horticulture, but this seems to be the only one which surveys in a broad spirit of sympathetic knowledge the wide field open to the makers of small gardens.



## THE DUKE OF ATHOLL'S HIGHLAND PONIES.



C. Reid.

BROOD MARES AND FOAL OF NEIL II.

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OF the varieties and breeds of horses, like the making of books, there is no end. But in few, if any, classes are the types so diversified as in that which brings together under the style of "Highland ponies" the equine products of the Northern glens and the Western Isles of Scotland. Until recently there was every indication that by *pseudo* improvements, principally as a result of mating for "greater pace," the chief points and essential characteristics of a useful and hardy stamp of ponies were likely to be altogether lost.

Shortly after the South African War, however, when the general utility of the breed had been prominently demonstrated, strong efforts were made to check the previous general indifference, and to provide by some form of registration a list of the then existing stock of approved animals which would be easily accessible to the breeders, and by preservation and careful selection to improve the breed itself. These efforts had their culmination in a grant from the council of the Polo and Riding Pony Society of a section in their Stud Book for recording the pedigrees of Highland ponies, and the promise of a material yearly subscription from that society to the prize-money in the Highland pony classes at the National Show, while it is announced in the Report of the committee appointed to advise about mountain and moorland breeds of ponies that a premium to the value of fifty

pounds will be awarded to Highland pony stallions fulfilling the required conditions. The impetus thus given to the preservation of type and character has been very considerable, and it cannot be gainsaid that the position of the Highland pony, while still lacking the flourish of the "green bay tree," has, both as to quality and numbers, reached a higher plane within the past decade.

In some respects the association with the Polo Pony Society has not been an unmixed blessing. There has, on the part of some breeders of Highland ponies, been too great a tendency—one had almost said anxiety—to promote the objects of that society so far as relating to the breeding of riding ponies only! In practice, the result has been that a sacrifice of power and substance has not infrequently been made with the hope of

inducing narrower shoulders, with more of the slope desired by the rider. If the general utility of the breed is to be preserved, the aim must be to prevent this trait.

The real value of the Highland pony lies in his capacity to successfully perform a great deal of hard work of a very varying nature and to live inexpensively in those districts where the natural fatness of the land is not proverbial. In the congested areas of the North and West of Scotland the authorities were not unduly tardy in their recognition of these merits, and from the sums annually voted by Parliament to the welfare of such districts, grants have for some years been



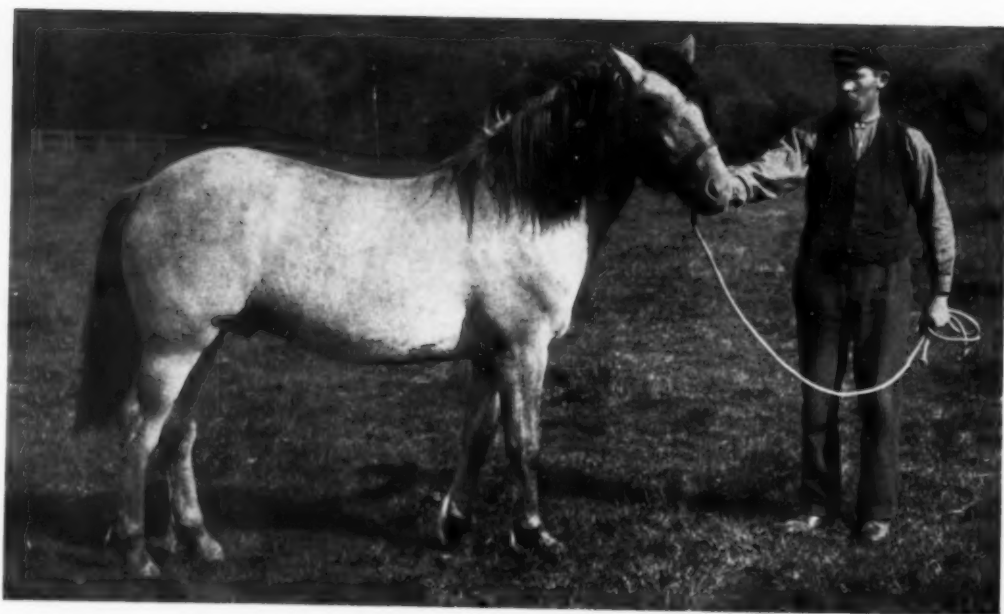
C. Reid.

BONNIE LADDIE.

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given for the development and improvement of the breeds of ponies. It is believed that the new Scottish Board of Agriculture, by whom such moneys now fall to be disbursed, are intending to continue this sensible policy and have already been offering reasonable premiums for entire ponies for next season.

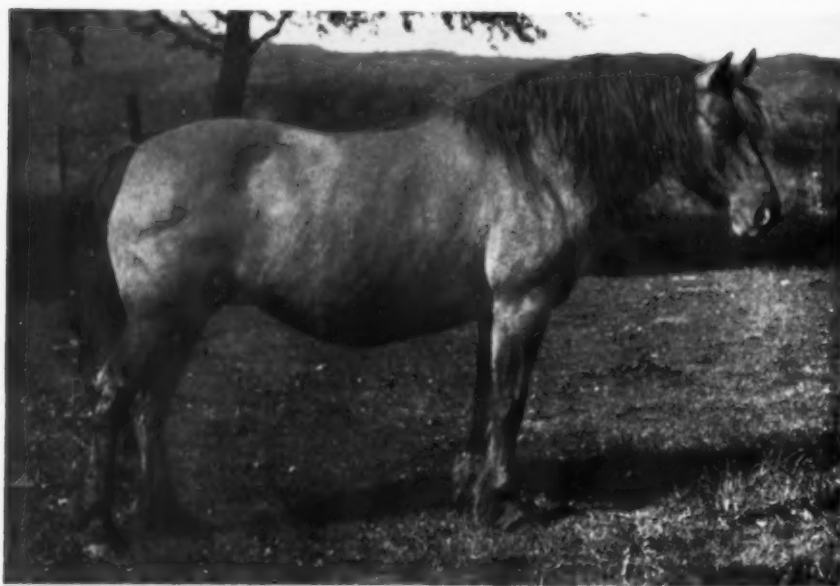
Nor can the bearing of the Highland pony on the small holdings problem be overlooked, for, in the Highlands of Scotland at least, the pony is an indispensable counterpart to their success. No part of farmwork on the holding comes amiss to him; the small holder who owns him is the envied of his less fortunate brothers as he drives behind him in state to "kirk, smithy, mill or market." For saddle-work



C. Reid

TILT LADDIE.

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C. Reid.

LADY LOUISE.

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he is equally effective, and to the sportsman he is invaluable. Sure-footed as a goat, he will traverse with unflagging pace and untiring energy long reaches of the roughest country, and from the recesses of the lonely deer forest he bears in triumph over moss, hag and crag those "antlered monarchs of the waste" which have fallen as testimony to the prowess of a skilled and zealous rifleman.

The description of the Highland pony as drawn up at a meeting in the Highland Society's show-yard in Inverness in 1901 is thus baldly and comprehensively given: "It shall be of great substance and power, with firm, hard feet, flat bone and short, covered ribs. The eyes should be bold and prominent, but with a kindly expression. Height up to 14h. 2in." And no stud of the breed more closely approximates to the standard

thus set than that of Atholl. There all spurious crossing has been carefully and systematically avoided, and there for a matter of over half a century, as private records abundantly and conclusively show, the mating has been both judicious and successful. Unfortunately, earlier records are not available; but though the details of its pristine history are lacking, the stud is generally believed to be of very ancient origin.

The forest of Atholl was ever a favourite Royal hunting-ground, and it has been freely conjectured that to this account the Atholl ponies owe much of their present stamina. More than one of the Scottish kings of the latter fifteenth and earlier sixteenth centuries were even then giving considerable attention to the important subject of horse-breeding, and there is reason to suppose that certain animals of Continental origin were sent by them to Atholl for the purpose of crossing with and improving the breed of native animals. Other changes of blood were also doubtless imported from time to time, with the result that through the ages there was duly attained that excellence of form in the Highland pony which has so long been maintained.



C. Reid.

POLLY OF ATHOLL.

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About the middle of last century again we have some of those natural history creations of the inimitable Landseer which must ever remain as living masterpieces of the painter's art, and which so faithfully portray, with his amazing wealth of accurate detail, some of the finest specimens of the Atholl ponies of that period. At that time also the ponies were again favoured with Royal mention, the late Queen Victoria, on the occasion of her visit to the Duke of Atholl at Blair Castle, in September, 1842, making reference to them as follows: "We set off on ponies to go up one of the hills, Albert riding the dun pony and I the grey, attended only by Sandy McAra in his Highland dress. We went out by the back way across the ford, Sandy leading my pony and Albert following closely, the water reaching above Sandy's knees."

Of the recorded stud from which the present stock is sprung, the earliest stallion of which we have mention is Morelle, a piebald, foaled in 1853. The records, unfortunately, contain no reference to either his sire or dam, and he was destroyed in 1872, having left one colt foal in the stud in 1871. In 1864 there was bought from Mr. Donald Cameron, Clunes, Glenmoriston, for the sum of £13 10s., a dark grey entire colt, foaled in 1862. He was exhibited by the present Duke of Atholl at the Inverness Highland Show in 1865, under the name of Glen Tilt, in the class "not exceeding 14 hands," and obtained first prize. He grew to 14h. 1in. In 1869 he won a medium gold

of twenty-six years won general commendation, being universally admired as the most typical Highland pony of the day. He died two years ago, after serving in the Atholl district for twenty-two years, and the general improvement in the ponies in the neighbourhood directly due to his impress is well-nigh incalculable. A glance at Vols. VII. and VIII. of the Polo Pony Stud Books makes it plain that his memory will be perpetuated in many different strains. His son, Bonnie Laddie, a typical dapple dun, foaled in 1901, now serves in his stead. The dam of Bonnie Laddie was Minnette, an excellent brood mare, by Glengarry II. out of Minnie, Minnie being a yellow dun foaled in 1861 by a cream-coloured garron, name unknown. Bonnie Laddie, as a three year old, won the championship of the Perth Highland Show in 1904, gaining also the special prize given by the Polo Pony Society, and won the championship at the Glasgow Highland Show the following year. By his performances he bids fair to outrival the fame of his sire.

Of the other Highland showyard achievements of the Atholl Stud—without which no notice would be complete—reference must be made to the progeny of Lady Louise, a dun mare of great character and style, bred by Mr. Grant of Struie, Beauly, from a horse belonging to the Duke of Sutherland, and bought as an aged mare in 1902 for £30. Her first foal (1903), Lady Anne, by Herd Laddie, was champion of the breed at Edinburgh



C. Reid.

NEIL II. AND HER FOAL.

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medal at the Highland Society's Show, and was that year sold to the Earl of Southesk for £60.

In 1864 there was bought from Mr. Holford, a shooting tenant in Foss, a dun pony mare, Polly, about fourteen hands. She had been bought by Mr. Holford a year or two previously, either in Fort William or Muir of Ord Market, and was a typical "garron," with the characteristic black "list" along her back from mane to tail. Glen Tilt was the sire of many good hill-ponies, and out of Polly he produced, in 1867, the notable Lady Jean, afterwards used as a brood mare, and in 1868 the even more famous colt, Glengarry I. This colt was kept as a stallion, and was of a grey cream colour, with white mane and tail and standing 14h. 2in. At the Highland Society's Show in 1876 he obtained first prize for "Highland stallions, 14½ hands and under," and in 1877, at the same show, was awarded a medium gold medal. In 1879 he was sold to Mr. J. C. Cameron of Garrows, Glenquach, afterwards serving for some time in the Breadalbane district of Perthshire.

The next stallion to do service in the stud was Glengarry II., a son of the first horse of that name out of a garron mare bought at Innerhadden in Rannoch, a horse which won second prize at the Highland Society's Show in 1879. Each Glengarry was the sire of several notable ponies. The most successful stallion the stud has ever known was Herd Laddie, bought in 1887 as a six year old from Mr. Donald Mackenzie, Glengloy, Fort William. He was bred by Highland Laddie out of Jeanie, and won third prize at the Glasgow Highland Show of 1886. He was again shown at the Edinburgh Highland Show in 1907, when he was awarded a medium silver medal, and at the age

in 1907; her second (1904), Atholl Laddie, by Herd Laddie, was second at the same show and was afterwards sold to Mr. Perrins of Ardrross. Her third, in 1905, died when a few weeks old; but the fourth, in 1906, Lady Jean, by Bonnie Laddie, was champion at Dumfries in 1910. Blair Laddie (1907), also by Bonnie Laddie, was third as a yearling at Stirling in 1909, and first as a two year old at Dumfries in 1910, after which he was sold to the Duke of Westminster for service at His Grace's Highland home in Sutherlandshire. For the first time, in 1908 the mare was yeld, and her promising filly foal of 1909 died from strangles in the winter of that year. Her 1910 foal has not been shown, but Tilt Laddie, her foal by Bonnie Laddie in 1911, was this year second at Cupar-Fife to his stable companion, Glen Banvie (Bonnie Laddie out of Nell II.), against whom as a two year old he had to compete in the same class.

Lady Louise was herself shown as a very aged mare at Inverness in 1911, in the class for mares of three years old and over, when she was placed sixth in a class of thirteen—probably the strongest section of Highland ponies seen at the National Society's shows in recent years. Her shapely youngster this season died from lockjaw in the cold wet weather of June, but the mare is again in foal, and it may be that future honours lie ahead for her stock to add still further to the lustre that attaches to her name.

Nell II. was bought by the Duke of Atholl from a small farmer and contractor in the district by whom she was regularly used in carting loads of about fifteen cwt., over long stretches of road of a hilly nature. The evening of her days is being spent solely as a brood mare.



## CORRESPONDENCE.



THE LEAP.

## SALMON LEAPING A WEIR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a salmon leaping the weir at Rhayader. At this time of year it is an interesting study (which many scores of people of all ages indulge in) watching the salmon leaping the weirs on their way to the spawning-grounds.—P. B. ABERY.

## MOVABLE FIRE-BASKETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your paper has been invaluable to us for the many hints given by type and illustration for altering, etc., old houses in the best and truest way. I hope that one day there may appear some articles on fireplaces. I am particularly desirous of hearing more of the movable wire basket that is used sometimes in fireplaces to minimise the amount of coal used and the labour of attending to many fires. I hear that it can be moved from one grate to another as required, with fire burning in it.—E. C.

[Several articles have appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of late years on fireplaces, but the movable fire-basket suggested has not been dealt with, because it seems impracticable, for many reasons. A basket of reasonable size would be very heavy to lift, and there would be great risk of dropping live coals and ashes during its removal from one room to another. It would also be necessary to provide some special form of detachable handle.—ED.]

## PORCUPINE ANT-EATERS FROM NEW GUINEA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The Zoological Society has just received two examples of the very remarkable porcupine ant-eater or proechidna from the Charles Lewis Mountains in Western New Guinea. They are about the size of a large cat and belong to the group of very primitive marsupials known as monotremes, of which the duck-billed platypus and the echidna of Australia are the best-known types. The young are produced from eggs which, in the case of the echidnas, are carried by the female in a pouch which is developed on the approach of the breeding season, the young, when hatched, are nourished with milk secreted from glands

on the body of the parent. The body of these extraordinary creatures is covered with short, blackish fur, mingled with sharp spines. The mouth is placed at the extremity of a long, trunk-like snout, which protects a long, worm-like tongue carrying a sticky secretion, and is used for capturing termites, upon which these creatures principally feed. The limbs are very powerful and the claws well adapted for digging. These animals are nocturnal in their habits, sleeping during the daytime in some crevice beneath a rock or log, the long snout being tucked away beneath the body. If alarmed while feeding, they immediately tuck the snout under the body and squat tight down to the ground, partially burying themselves in any dead leaves or rubbish that may be at hand. The long, sensitive snout of these primitive mammals, with the nostrils at the extremity, reminds one forcibly of the bill of that very primitive bird, the apteryx of New Zealand, a creature with similar crepuscular habits. These proechidnas from New Guinea are much larger than the Australian echidnas; they also have shorter and fewer spines, and are much higher on the leg. The examples at the Zoological Gardens are the first to arrive in England, although I believe the Amsterdam Gardens contain specimens, the only others in Europe. The Australian echidna, on the other hand, has been kept on several occasions, and has actually bred on the Continent.—D. SETH-SMITH.

## THE IRRIGATION WHEELS OF WESTERN CHINA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The fertile province of Sü-chuan encloses amidst its rugged mountains a great shallow basin, the famous "red basin," or Cheng-tu plain, on to which we emerge from the encircling rim of mountains, debouching quite suddenly from a narrow gorge, where the torrent is perforce hemmed in between high cliffs, to find ourselves among the foothills, a richly clad, undulating country of brilliant green rice-fields and red hilltops. Through the cup-like hollows which dimple the country in every direction, numerous shining streams from the mountains, suddenly stilled, wend their way like silver threads, and occasionally a slender pagoda, indicative of the populous regions beyond, pricks the blue sky. The first sound to greet our ears is a screeching as difficult to locate as to account for; but presently there comes into view a row of strange monsters—



PORCUPINE ANT-EATER OR PROECHIDNA.

wheels, if you will—slowly revolving, and uttering at the same time those dismal groans which first attracted our attention. A bamboo gutter, leaking pitifully at every joint, carried on slender trestles high across a dip in the hills to some terraces beyond, suggests irrigation. Except for a solid wooden axle, this great clumsy framework wheel is made entirely of bamboo, and stands over a swiftly flowing rivulet, led off from the main stream by means of a dam and dyke. Just as in an ordinary under-shot mill-wheel, the irrigation wheel is kept revolving by the stream, which pushes against a series of small paddles, made of matting; and between each pair of paddles is fixed a tube, closed at one end, and set against the circumference so as to make an angle of about 45 deg. to a tangent at that point, and in the same plane with it; which diagonal setting causes the tubes always to occupy different positions in different parts of the circumference. Thus the tubes at the top and bottom of the wheel are tilted slightly downwards and upwards respectively, while at intermediate points they approach the upright and inverted positions. Consequently a tube carried under water as the wheel revolves scoops some up and retains it till it reaches the top, where, tilting over gradually, it empties itself over the side of the wheel into a long trough placed there for the purpose, and descends to be refilled, a continuous flow of water being thus maintained by the upcoming tubes, three or four of which are pouring out a thin stream simultaneously. From the trough the water flows away down the aqueduct to any required level above the river which is not greater than the diameter of the wheel, which may be thirty feet high; and in the foothills this is of immense advantage, for it enables the slopes to be terraced and cultivated. Two days' march through the foothills will bring us down to the dead level plain, which we find traversed from north to south by a number of rapidly flowing rivers; there is something extremely incongruous in these brisk streams, where one would expect nothing but sluggish water and stagnant lotus-clad ponds, but they are as a matter of fact artificial canals which diverge from the Min River to the north, traverse the plain in a number of parallel arcs, and converge again upon the river south of Cheng-tu. Some two thousand years ago it was remarked by the Chinese that a vast volume of water drained into the "red basin" from the northern rim of mountains, and it was evident that, if this water could only be distributed over the plain as it is among the foothills, the former would instantly be transformed into a rich oasis. Undertaken at the instance of the Emperor, and carried on intermittently



CHINESE BAMBOO IRRIGATION WHEELS AND AQUEDUCT.

floating up from behind a grove of trees, and, turning the corner, to watch the water streaming from every tube and leafy gutter and pouring in cascades of silver spray over those ever-moving wheels.—F. KINGDON WARD.

## BRIDAL SUPERSTITIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is very interesting to note the number of shrines in Brittany dedicated to marriage. At Ploumanach, a village on the Northern Coast, there is a shrine



DROPPING THE PIN.



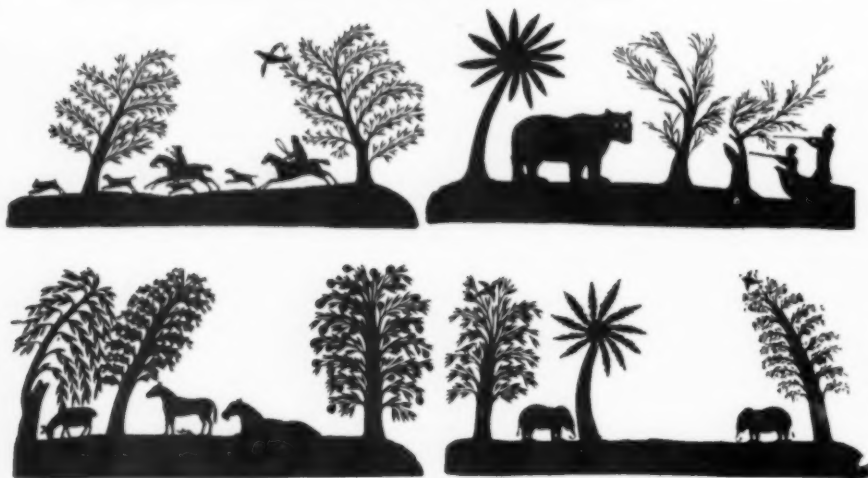
THE SHRINE OF ST. GUERIN.

most picturesquely situated amid the rocks which the sea washes round every day. Only at low tide can one clamber over the rocks to the canopied figure of St. Guerin. When a Breton girl desires to marry she sticks a pin in the nose of this saint; should it drop out within the year she believes her desire will be fulfilled. As confirmation of this I was chatting with a peasant woman close by and enquired if she had ever put a pin in the nose of St. Guerin. She smilingly replied, "Beaucoup fois," and then pointed to her little son to show how efficacious it had been. On another occasion near Douarnenez, in the Finistère district, I came across a small shrine decorated with orange blossom in a hedgerow where a young girl whom I had previously seen tending her flocks was kneeling in prayer, after which she rose and dropped a pin down the well. By questioning her I found that it was the custom there to drop a pin down the well before the saint, and eventually after the wedding ceremony the bridal blossoms were brought and hung round the shrine.—W. G. MEREDITH.

## REMARKABLE SCISSOR-WORK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A short time ago I had the opportunity of glancing through an album of remarkably clever scissor-work in the possession of Mr. Edwin Brough of Abbotsham, North Devon, and I am venturing to send you photographs of several of the pictures in the hope that you may deem them worthy of reproduction. Although these are strikingly effective, the originals are still more so, forming a testimony to the skill and patience of Mr. Brough's mother, who has left behind her forty or fifty examples of pictures which had been dexterously cut out with the aid of scissors, most in black paper, and a few in coloured. Some are as much as seventeen inches in width; others half that size. Whether the subjects are original or copied I cannot say, but they were undoubtedly cut direct out of



FAIRY PANORAMAS AND GRACEFUL FANTASIES.

the paper, without any preliminary tracing. Unfortunately, through being loose in the album, in the course of years some of the delicate tracery of the foliage has become twisted and misplaced, as in the upper branches of the left-hand tree in the picture of the huntsman and two whips. I like the good old-fashioned type of hunter which Mrs. Brough took as her model, in many respects reminding one of the engraving of Mambrino published by you a few weeks ago. The general effect is very similar to an etching, and it seems to me that it would make a fine decorative frieze for a wall-paper. Of course, silhouette-cutting for purposes of portraiture was a common enough accomplishment, but this kind of picture-making is a far more ambitious effort, and it would be interesting to hear if any of your readers have other examples in their possession. As far as I can ascertain,

the accomplishment was never very common in this country, although it had a wide vogue in Germany. As a rule, I believe, this form of expression largely ran in the direction of flower studies, with rice paper as the medium, and there is in existence a copy of the Lord's Prayer compressed into quite a small space. Among other domestic occupations of our grandmothers one recalls the sticking of cut-out pictures on the inside of glass vessels, or printed chintzes inside bottles used as receptacles for salt. Most of this work, however, had no originality and was in every respect much inferior to that of the late Mrs. Brough.—A. C. S.

## THE CHRISTMAS DEVIL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At Christmas-time the Devil plays some part in the festivities, as, for instance, in the mumming play of "Saint George," in which, in some versions, he is the first character to appear, in others the last, in others both first and last. In the first instance he comes as a merry-maker, in the last as a beggar, and uses a chant to induce his audience to contribute to the contents of his collecting-box:

Money I want, money I'll have,  
If you won't give me money  
I'll sweep you at' to t' grave.

The time is coming when in many a country home the children will be excited to see and hear Devil Doubt.—T. R.

## IN THE TUSCAN HILLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Shepherds and lads from the country-side are picturesque, nay, they are pictures, all the world over, not least so in Italy. May I send you two figures from the remote uplands of Tuscany, near Viterbo, and nearer still to that medieval village whose name is as attractive as its old churches, Toscanella? The scene is one of those pastoral solitudes which seem a world away from the smoke and the bustle of Rome. It is, I suppose, two days' journey to the capital for a Tuscan pony. Shepherd and lad alike are covered, even in



A PLOUGHBOY OF VITERBO.



A TUSCAN SHEPHERD